

NOVEMBER 9, 1961

own beat

THE BI-WEEKLY MUSIC MAGAZINE

AFTERHOURS — A JAZZ DISCUSSION WITH

356

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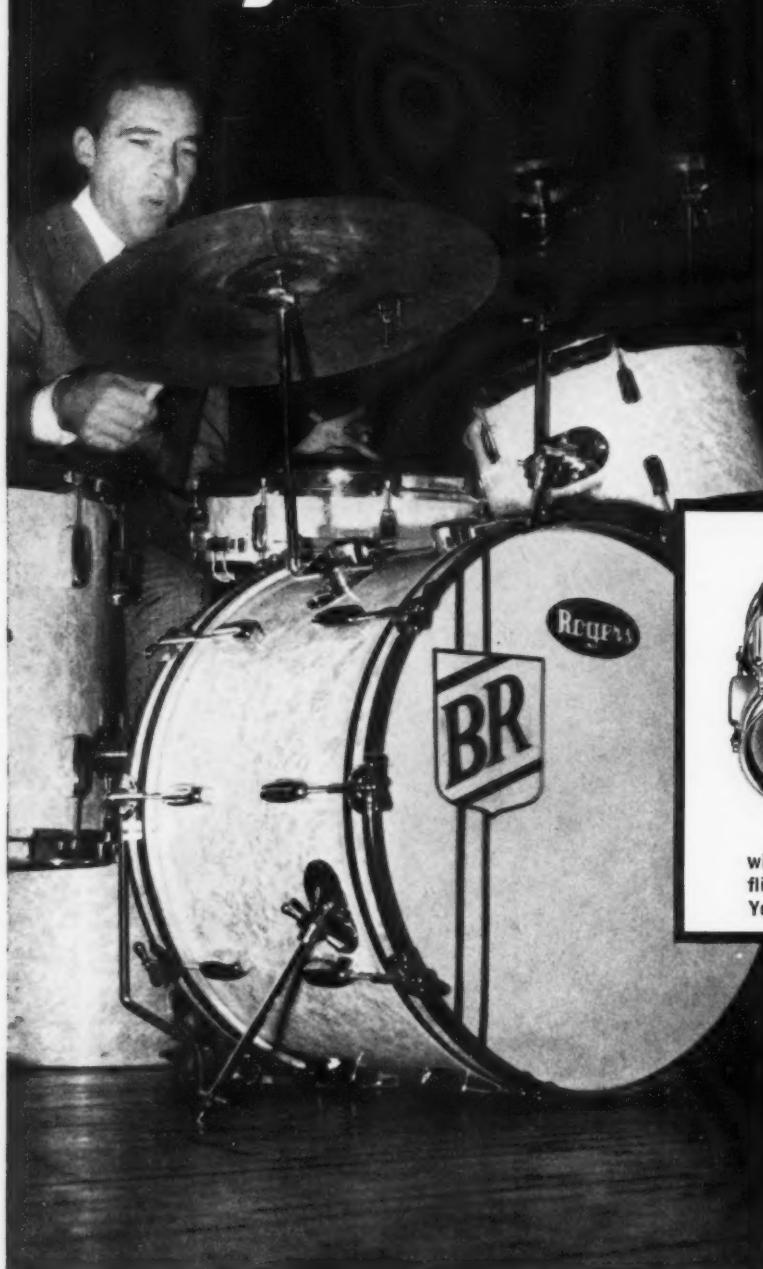
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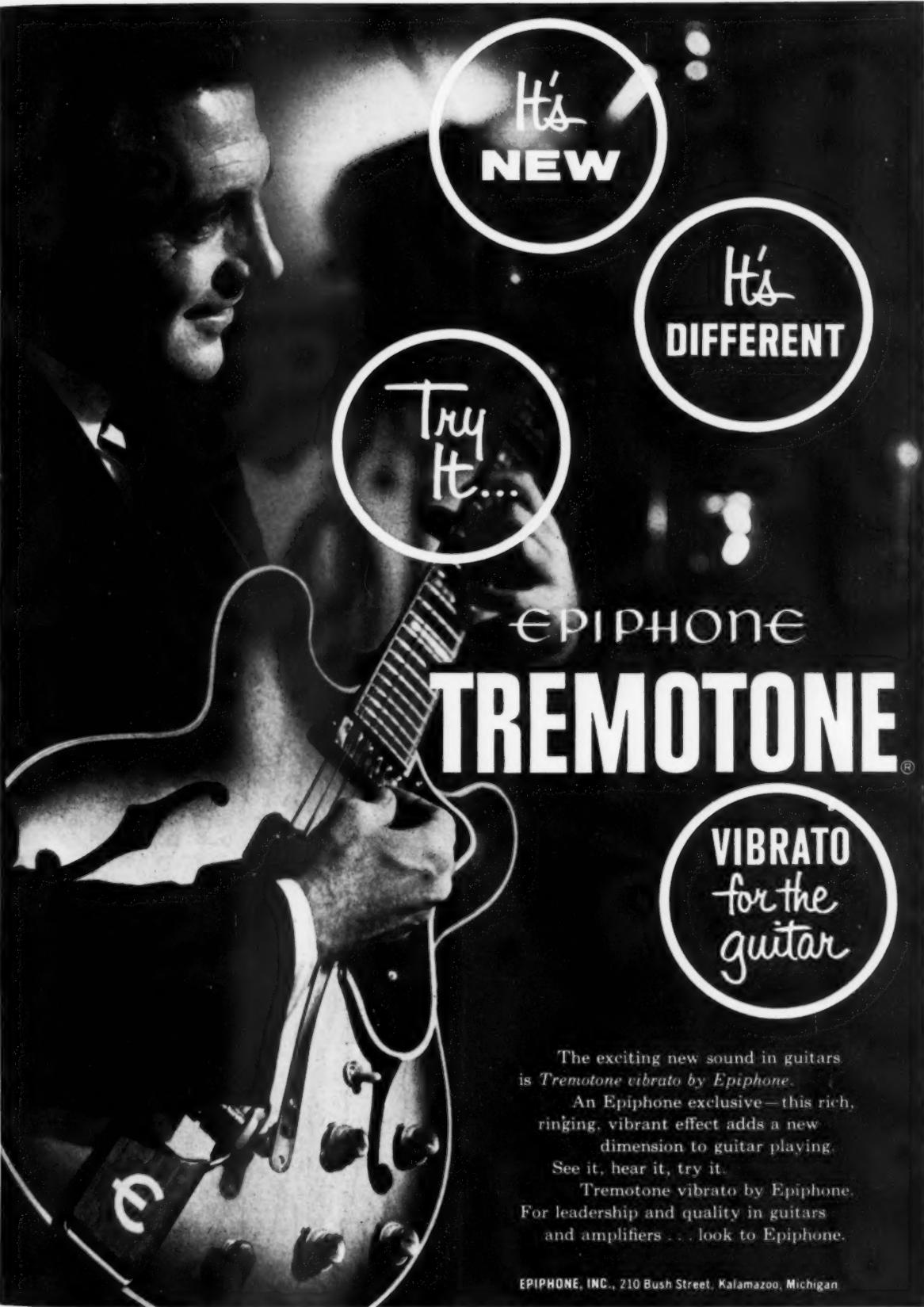
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THE EDITORIAL

WHY SUCCESS AT MONTEREY?

Evansville. Newport. Birmingham. Virginia Beach. Detroit. Buffalo. Saugatuck. Randall's Island. Monterey. The festival season is over.

It was not a successful summer's outing. Only one festival, Monterey, can be termed an out-and-out success. Why did this one festival succeed—at the boxoffice as well as on the bandstand—and the others fail to be complete successes—either musical or financial?

The answer is not simple. It includes scenic locale, but others had admirable settings; civic co-operation, but others

had this also; near-perfect weather, but skies were clear at other festivals, and some were held indoors; planning, but others were organized, though the degree of organization varied.

The chief reason for Monterey's success was the quality of jazz presented. The quality of the music, not its quantity or the boxoffice appeal of the performers' names.

It is undeniable that each festival this year had moments of musical glory, or glorious music, but the exasperation of wading and waiting through the medi-

ocre, the frantic, and the heard-before is also not to be denied. At Monterey, mediocrity was minimal. Franticism was absent. And this most significantly: much that was played had never been performed in public before.

What are the chances of again hearing J. J. Johnson play his own arrangements with a large brass orchestra, or of hearing Dizzy Gillespie perform specially written works by Lalo Schifrin and Johnson using the same orchestra with Gunther Schuller conducting, or of hearing the two greatest jazz violinists, Stuff Smith and Ray Nance, in duet? The chances are slim—unless the promoters of other festivals heed Monterey's uniqueness.

This is not to say Monterey was perfect. It was not. An important segment of the first night's program suffered from lack of organization, though this was the only instance of sloppiness, and it was more the fault of the musicians involved than the festival's; there was no experimental jazz, unless John Coltrane's group is considered experimental; there were no unknown jazzmen brought before the festival audiences, and the exposure of new talent should be a function of all jazz festivals; traditional instrumental jazz went unrepresented, and a well-rounded festival should include this facet of jazz—and there were excellent traditionalists to be had in the area.

But the fact remains that by programming that which could not be heard at concerts and night clubs, Monterey fulfilled one of the *raisons d'être* of music festivals, whether jazz or any other kind.

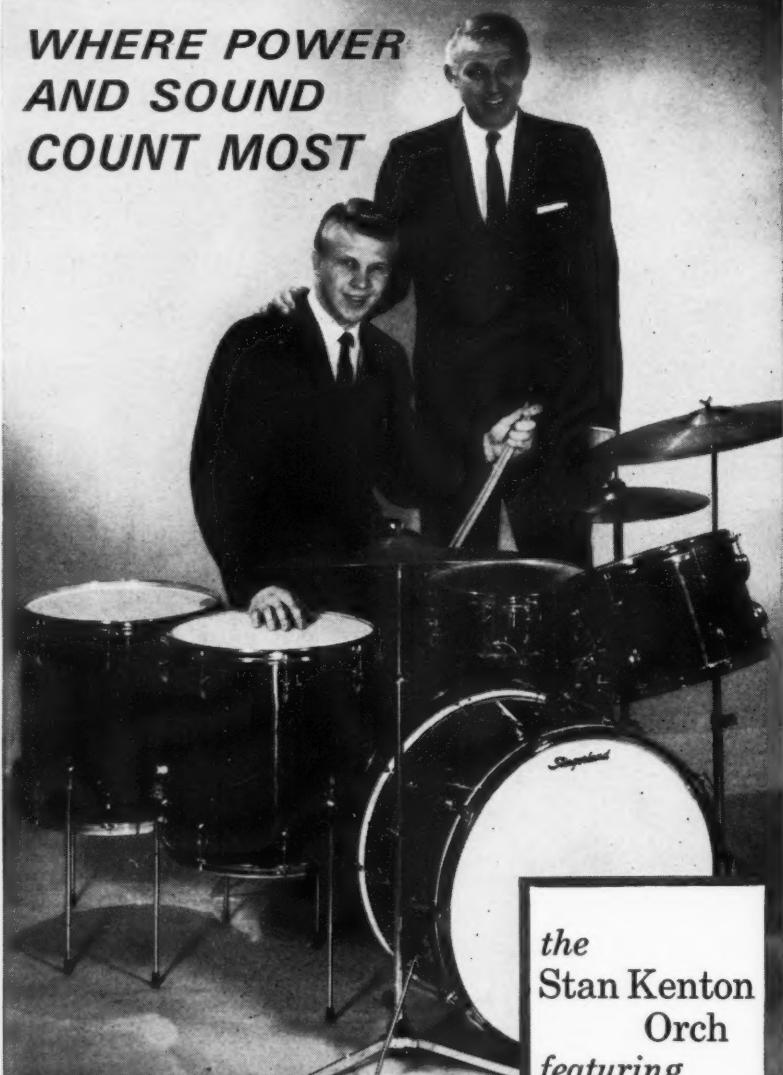
If jazz festivals are to become what so many hoped they would when the first one at Newport was held seven years ago, it would seem that Monterey must be taken as a starting point.

The unending parade of names across floodlit stages must end if jazz festivals are to survive in any number. The manner in which most of them have been organized, has engendered little except ill will. Most musicians lost their enthusiasm several summers ago when the name-packing promoters took over. Critics have moaned and groaned, but they cannot always be taken seriously, since weeping and wailing are characteristics of that segment of the fourth estate.

But audiences must be taken seriously. And in too many instances, audiences have been seriously sparse, giving rise to the charge that the people will not support jazz. The people will support jazz when it is presented with discretion, when there is jazz of quality and uniqueness to be heard.

Look at Monterey . . .

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NOVEMBER 9, 1961

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ON THE COVER

The gig's over. Everyone's relaxed. The conversation turns to events past, what's happening now, what lies in the future—a scene enacted almost daily—or nightly—by jazzmen across the country, in hotel rooms, bars, restaurants, or wherever. *Down Beat* associate editor Bill Coss was on hand with questions and tape recorder at such a gathering recently. The result is the stimulating conversation between Coss, Bob Brookmeyer, George Russell, Don Ellis, Clark Terry, and Hall Overton. Titled *Afterhours*, the conversation begins on page 19, opposite Art Hodes' slice of the jazzman's life in night clubs. Read the two articles together for insight into the feelings, reactions, and opinions of the men who play jazz.

THINGS TO COME

What happened to the clarinet in jazz? The question has been asked many times. Leonard Feather seems to have come up with an answer. Read his *Clarinet Clarification* in the Nov. 23 *Down Beat*, on sale at newsstands Nov. 7. Also in the next *DB*, Charles Suhor writes from New Orleans about Pete Fountain, one of the most popular—and deep-rooted—clarinetists since Benny Goodman.

But all is not clarinet in the Nov. 23 issue. John Tynan reviews the latest jazz-oriented movie, *Paris Blues*.

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WHAT HAPPENED TO THE CLARINET IN JAZZ?

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FOR THE ANSWER, READ
LEONARD FEATHER'S
CLARINET CLARIFICATION
IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
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★★★★★★★★★★★★

CHORDS AND DISCORDS

MJQ—to Be . . .

After the excellent article on the ebullient Milt Jackson (*DB*, July 6), I feel it would be appropriate to follow with an article on John Lewis or the Modern Jazz Quartet as a whole.

It is my opinion that John Lewis is deserving of the modern-jazz equivalent of Duke Ellington's traditional-jazz position. North Miami Beach, Fla. Rick Gordon

Traditional jazz? Let's define our terms.

. . . Or Not to Be

I must admit that *Down Beat* has been my major in modern jazz recently, for it is through your magazine that I am alerted to the trends in current jazz feeling. For instance, I owe it to the knowledge I have gotten from *Down Beat* that I snicker whenever any of my nonjazz, but pseudo-jazz-loving friends tell me they are hip to Dave Brubeck or they really dig Ahmad Jamal.

This means that *Down Beat* has become a major decider of who does and does not belong to the inner jazz circles. Steady following of *Down Beat* commentary will certainly guide one so that he, too, can name-drop and snicker with the best of them.

But the main reason why I am writing is to ask an important question of the *Down Beat* echelon of critics. Is it or isn't it time for me to snicker when someone says he digs the MJQ?

New York City Dick Frank

Frankly, this is a difficult question. Maybe a knowing smile will see you through.

Another from Ernie

In my last letter to *Chords and Discords* I made a grave error, which I'd like to correct right now! I said, "Duke Ellington was another winner in the composer/arranger category. Through no fault of his own he had no time to contribute to jazz as a composer/arranger in the past year. He was too busy trying to keep his band together."

Well, I certainly did not mean the Duke. I meant Quincy Jones. My God! I have the *Suite Thursday* by Duke, and I caused several of my friends to buy it, I raved about it so! Besides, you and I know that Duke has no trouble keeping his band together; and it's true the past year Quincy had his troubles trying to keep that big band working, and he lost a lot of money besides.

However, I just want to set the record straight—I did not mean the Duke and that I was talking about Quincy Jones. Duke, please forgive me. You too, Quincy! Well, I'm cured. No more writing to magazines!

Well, since I'm writing this *last* one, I've just got to mention one thing. I think that Manny Albam's wonderful album of the *West Side Story* is by far

the best one out. I've been hearing Stan Kenton's lately, and I'm quite disappointed. It has none of the charm and grace that Leonard Bernstein meant for it to have. Manny's retains it. Kenton's just blares along like a crowded subway train.

New York City

Ernie Wilkins

In Every Mailbag

What the hell are a manzello and a strich?

Pasadena, Calif. Simon Rex Barley James Murray

Miscellaneous instruments.

Say It As It Is

One of the factors that will help jazz gain as an art form, I feel, is a more widespread knowledge of the jazz status quo—what's being done now.

For some reason, the general thumbs-down attitude of the American public toward beatniks has resulted in very limited exposition on the modern jazz theme in our mass media. I am sure there are other reasons involved, but, at any rate, I am appalled at the lack of coverage in the newspapers and on radio and television concerning jazz as it is being played today.

In newspapers, the bulk of the feature stories on jazz personalities seem to be on the "old-timers"; interviews that almost invariably include the question, "Do you think the bands will come back?" Also one can detect a slight sentimentality and nostalgia present in many news items concerning the noteworthy doings of some of the veterans—from Louis Armstrong in Geneva to Benny Goodman packing 'em in at Disneyland.

As far as radio is concerned—the general AM fare, that is, if jazz gets a chance to sneak into a DJ program, it is usually represented by the Dukes of Dixieland or the Firehouse Five Plus Two.

TV is perhaps the best medium for conveying to the public a true idea of the music, and yet, many attempts in the past have been flops, most notably the *Time* hodgepodge. Then we have the shows with the plaintive bring-back-the-bands theme, which are really supposed to choke you all up. And whom do we find when jazz rears its rarely seen head on the variety shows? Seasoned veterans or good-time Dixielanders, almost without exception.

In closing, let me say that I am not at all antiraditionalist but interested in the expansion of the jazz audience, and furtherance of a general knowledge among more people that modern jazz exists and that its essence is not dependent on narcotics and hipsterism.

I have no idea what solution will be forthcoming, or even if there is any one solution to this problem. It will be a long, uphill battle.

Flint, Mich.

James Harvey

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NEW YORK

Gerry Mulligan failed to appear for a Monday night opening at Boston's Storyville in the Bradford Hotel. He did arrive the next night but not with his own band, as called for by the contract. Instead, he brought the **Herb Pomeroy Band**. The club management refused to allow him to play and closed the room for a week. It opened again with **Chico Hamilton** and **Betty Carter**. A lawsuit has been announced. The hotel is suing the baritone saxophonist for damages.

The Royal Canadian Mounted Police moved in on the **Maynard Ferguson Band** in a suburb of Montreal and arrested seven sidemen for possession of marijuana. The band was playing an engagement at the Edgewater Hotel in Montreal.

Meanwhile, back in New York, **Ray Charles** arrived so late for his part of the vaudeville show at the Palace Theater that most of the audience had begun to leave the theater. It was an opening such as the Palace probably has never seen. The orchestra was shamefully unrehearsed. The stalling was obvious and painful. Comedian **Nippy Russell** was even called up from the audience to help fill in some of the time. Finally, emcee **Larry Storch**, who had done an excellent job trying to hold everything together, announced to the audience that Charles had been unavoidably delayed, invited the audience to watch the motion picture, and promised "The Genius" would appear for the next show. As the audience began to leave, a voice yelled out that Charles had just arrived. Most of the customers returned for his performance.

Confusion reigned at the Jazz Gallery because **Sonny Rollins'** much-heralded return to the public, first announced for Oct. 4, then changed to Oct. 10, finally settled down to Oct. 24—as we went to press. There were three reasons given for the delayed opening, appearing here in order of reverse preference: "Sonny will never appear"; "Sonny wants Jim Hall in his group, and Jim won't be through with other commitments until that time"; "We have so much to do before the club is really ready." That last was by **Kay Norton**, long-time publicity gal, now manager of the **Jazzet** and others, also now half-owner of Jazz Gallery. A Thursday or so ago, she assembled musicians and their friends there, had drinks for them, also convinced them to sign their names on the outrageously big bar with a wood-burning pencil. On opening, Miss Norton said, the club will emphasize its dependence on musicians and its delight in having them; the club will offer them reduced rates, credit cards, and such. When Rollins does open, his running-mates are scheduled to be the **Jazzet**.

Even though the summer festival season is now over, some festival news is already breaking through—one old, one new. The old concerns the on, but usually off, Harlem Jazz Festival. After all kinds of abortive beginnings, it seemed certain for this fall. Musicians and promoters were ready. Again, it has been called off. This time, it is said,

(Continued on page 42)



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November 9, 1961 / Vol. 28, No. 23

A TALENT CUT DOWN— A PROMISE UNFILLED

Trumpeter Booker Little had suffered for sometime from what had been diagnosed as a form of arthritis. It had affected his right hand, making it difficult for him to play.

Early last month he was admitted to New York's Mt. Sinai hospital in serious condition. His friends responded immediately when the call went out for blood donors. But all to no avail; the 23-year-old trumpeter died on the morning of Oct. 5. The cause of death was uremia.

Born in Memphis, Tenn., April 2, 1938, Little was known for his prodigious technique and a burgeoning writing talent. His studies began in Memphis



Little

and continued when he moved to Chicago in 1955. In the latter city he met tenor man Sonny Rollins, who introduced him to Max Roach. Little worked with Roach's group for about a year, beginning in 1958.

"It was not only that he had enormous talent," Roach said the day after Little's death, "but that he was the kind of guy he was. Anyone will tell you the perfect kind of guy he was."

Some days before his death, Little dropped into the New York office of *Down Beat*.

"My approach to playing," he said on that occasion, "has been to find a sound around my sound and then write. Writing is a special thing with me. I want to play, but I am very interested in writing because I hear so many things for others. I'll develop, I need to, and I'll do it my own way. I'll always be me in the important part that's me. The other part, the part people buy, that's different. I'll still always be me, even there. You can't sacrifice in-

tegrity and still be you. But there, you have to listen to what they're saying to you. I won't hit my head against the wall; I see too many people die that way."

No one knew that it was a different wall Booker Little faced. His many friends mourned him at a special service held the afternoon following his death. He was buried in Memphis.

He leaves a promise unfulfilled. But he also leaves rich, fruitful memories of a unique young man, a gifted musician.

BLUES FOR BIRD IN KANSAS CITY

Dizzy Gillespie uncased his trumpet, inserted the mouthpiece, puffed his cheeks, and blew. Nothing but a thin whisp of sound came out. Slowly, he put the horn away.

"Look, now that I'm here, I don't feel like playing," he said to the small group of musicians with him. "We don't have to play, so let's don't."

Gillespie and the others turned and quietly walked away from the grave of Charlie Parker, located on a hilltop in Kansas City's Lincoln Cemetery.

The trumpeter, who with Parker and others in the 1940s provided the impetus that led to jazz' bop development, reminisced about the alto saxophonist: "All the young alto players—at Birdland and every place else—they should all observe an hour of silence every March 12." March 12, 1955, was the day Parker died.

"I once asked a friend what he wanted to amount to in life," Gillespie continued. "He said he wanted to leave something behind, like ideas, so that he would be hard to get rid of—hard to forget."

"Bird is going to be hard to get rid of."

FOLK MUSIC IN THE MOUNTAINS

There is a long-rumored suspicion that old musicians never die—they go back to Grossinger's. *Back* is the defining word, because scores of jazz musicians have made bread for the winter ahead by working in the New York Alps, "the mountains," as they are affectionately called, usually playing inferior music for vacationing stenographers and the boys who go where they go.

Grossinger's is the headquarters of

those Alps, something of a palace among them, famous for special foods and big-name entertainers. But, lately, some changes have been noted. Jazz, in the form of an intercollegiate contest, appeared there in sanctioned form earlier this year and will again in 1962. Last month, a company manufacturing and importing guitars, sponsored a weeklong annual folk music and guitar festival.

There were panel discussions, nightly concerts, contests, all directed by folk singer Oscar Brand. There were dozens of professionals on hand; jazzman and classicist Charlie Byrd spoke and played.

There were also loud groans from those guests at the hotel who, when they made their reservation for the weekend, had no idea they were to be so surrounded by earnest young women in oversized cardigans and ballet slippers and earnest young men in beards and/or song.

ABC-Paramount records will release one or two records in December to mark the event. And folk who like folk and/or Folk and/or other kinds of guitar music can expect the same thing next year.

THE RENAISSANCE OF THE RENAISSANCE

With Hollywood's most celebrated ghosts frowning snobbish disapproval, jazz recently moved in for an eight-month stay at the locale of much of Cinematown's past grandeur—the shuttered Mocambo on the Sunset Strip.

Operated for the past two-and-one-half years as the Cloister, the club, scene of many gaga goings on during Hollywood's heyday, had been shuttered by order of the alcoholic beverage control commission since earlier in the summer. From this fall until next summer, when it is to be razed to make room for a hotel and office building, the onetime Mocambo becomes Ben Shapiro's new Renaissance.

Forced to vacate the old Renaissance premises because of recent rulings by Los Angeles fire, health, and building departments, Shapiro quickly obtained a lease for the Mocambo location from Playboy Enterprises in Chicago. He will operate the new Renaissance as a coffee-beer-and-winery until the wreckers arrive next year.

After only two days of cleaning and refurbishing, Shapiro opened with a

bill featuring the Red Mitchell-Harold Land Quintet and guitarist Barney Kessel. He followed this opening attraction with folk singer Odetta and the Curtis Amy Quintet, then Carmen McRae and John Coltrane.

THE JAZZ PICNIC

George Crater did not cook his food over cypress logs, but he could have. Anyone could have done any of the best things human beings do at a picnic.

For the first jazz picnic, somehow called FM Reflects Jazz at Mirror Lake, was a family affair, an answer to the fading festival season.

Hal Cook, a businessman of Meriden, Conn., and part-time disc jockey on that town's FM station, WBMI-FM, had traumas at Newport in 1960, and resolved he would find funds, friends, and functioning artists who would present "a jazz picnic on the family plan."

What happened thereafter prompted amazement. Meriden officials, including the police, were kind and generous. The town park was given free of cost. Musicians flocked to the banner, also free of charge. Musicians unions, federation and local, gave blessings, even promising the presence of a presidential assistant, Georgie Auld (who did not appear). But, mostly, there was the support of FM disc jockeys through the East: Gene Cascone, WGHF, Brookfield, Conn.; Ken Harris, WLNA, Peekskill, N.Y.; Alan Grant, WLIR, Garden City, N.Y.; and Mike Lawless, WJZZ, Fairfield Conn., who pooled efforts, voices, and time.

They gave a surprising number of free air plugs to the event. What they gained, besides personal satisfaction, was an informal network of a dozen FM stations, seven hours of jazz tape (broadcast live by WBMI and WLMA, using the latter's remote truck for facilities).

The picnic began at 12:30 p.m. and finished at 7:30 p.m. There were groups led by Slide Hampton, Tippy Ferrari, Carmen Leggio, Lenny LaCroix, Mickey Dell, and Ted Curson. Booker Ervin was in and out of several groups. Two orchestras—Dell's and Gene Hull's Jazz Giants—were presented.

All the disc jockeys emceed, and *Down Beat's* George Crater did his special share—a comic monolog and the introduction of the final jam session, that included Curson, trumpet; Bill Barron, tenor saxophones; Hampton, trombone; Kenny Barron, piano; Bill Wood, bass.

There were no large crowds—1,100 persons came in the gate during the seven hours. But several things were clear besides the excellent sound, the

clean surroundings, the modern band shell, and the best of people. There was a level of co-operation usually deemed impossible. (As a matter of fact, each musician will receive a tape of the entire broadcasting day.)

As a consequence, there was some special living and some special feeling. By consensus, the special playing was done by Curson, Ervin, and Hampton ("why doesn't he get rid of that group," someone asked, "and play that way with someone else!"), and by Hull's band, a rehearsal band of three years' standing.

Cook and his friends now think about this as a possibility for three times during next summer. What began as a boost for FM radio and jazz, has, out of the goodness of hearts and the rightness of what happened, became a reality and a promise for the future. You could look into Mirror Lake that day and see what you have always wanted to see.

ZAGGING WITH ZIG

Ziggy Elman's angels are singing nothing but the blues these days and his bygone fame and debatable fortune may have become something of a mockery to the 47-year-old trumpeter and ex-Benny Goodman-Tommy Dorsey sideman.

Appearing in Los Angeles alimony court, Elman faced a suit for separate maintenance filed by his wife, Ruby F. Elman, 40. The Elmans were married in 1943.

Pleading strained financial straits, the trumpeter testified that six of his seven bank balances range between \$1.19 and \$11. The seventh, he confessed, is overdrawn.

Unmoved, his wife's attorney questioned Elman. "You are known as the world's leading trumpeter?" asked the lawyer.

Replied Ziggy, "Lots of people think I am, but I still can't get much work."

Elman was ordered by Superior Court commissioner Victor J. Hayek to keep up payments on the family's Van Nuys, Calif., home and to make alimony payments to his wife of \$35 a week.



Elman



THE MONTEREY FESTIVAL

By DON De MICHAEL

The fourth annual Monterey Jazz Festival was easily the best festival of the season. In a summer that saw other festivals, for the most part, present series of night-club sets, Monterey came as an oasis in a seemingly endless desert.

The festival, held on a cloudless weekend late last month in Monterey, Calif., was planned primarily as a showcase for the talents of Duke Ellington and Dizzy Gillespie. Ellington did not introduce a new work the caliber of *Suite Thursday*, which he premiered at Monterey last year, but he and the band did perform what could be construed as a summary of the Ellington contribution to jazz, though several of his longer works, such as *Black, Brown, and Beige*, were conspicuous by their absence. Duke also served as festival emcee, but his lack of preparation and obvious unawareness of the accomplishments of several well-known performers was embarrassing at times. He was charming and loved everybody madly, however.

While Ellington did not rise to the challenge of being showcased, Gillespie did. Rarely has he played with more brilliance and consistency. His performances were the highlights of the festival. It was really Dizzy's festival, his own personal triumph.

THAT THIS was to be no ordinary festival was evident from the beginning, when Terry Gibbs' big band took the stand Friday night. Gibbs flew in, leaving his quartet in the East, to front his reassembled band, made up of some of the finest players in Los Angeles.

The band's book was written by such as Bill Holman, Shorty Rogers, Al

Cohn, and Manny Albam. Its repertoire includes shout tunes and low-flame coolers. But above and beyond personnel, arrangers, and repertoire, the Gibbs band has a wonderfully relaxed feel to it. It is this quality along with humor and camaraderie that make this more than just a rehearsal band.

Gibbs was his own best soloist that night, reminding us that he is still one of the masters of the vibraphone. His solos on *You Don't Know What Love Is*



Gibbs and Glark

My Favorite Things, he used call-and-response devices within his solo, with periodic returns to the melody and linear improvisatory passages as counterbalances. On *Naima*, a ballad, Montgomery employed octaves, the total effect being an extension of the melody. Montgomery's most exciting work—he seemed as if he would swing off the stand—was on the third tune, *So What?*

Coltrane and Dolphy had intonation trouble throughout the set, but both



Coltrane

it seemed a contest of oneupmanship or who-will-upstage-whom. Nevertheless, both played well, each creating an infectious swing. Sparking the proceedings were pianist Ralph Sutton, bassist Aaron Bell, and drummer Sam Woodyard.

After three tunes, Gillespie brought on Ray Nance. The ensuing violin duets between Smith and Nance contrasted the subtle (Nance) with the overt (Smith). Their version of *Embraceable You*, with one playing obbligato to the other, was pure fun.

The third portion of the mainstream set was to be small-band Ellington with Johnny Hodges, alto; Ben Webster, tenor; Harry Carney, baritone; Lawrence Brown, trombone; Gillespie; Sutton; Bell; and Woodyard. It was unfortunate that more thought and planning did not go into the performance. The set was quite disorganized, though most of the men played as the gentlemen they are. Webster was shortchanged in solos, and this was his only festival appearance.

The last part of the set featured Big Miller and Jimmy Rushing, both backed by the Ellingtonia group. Miller came on first. His on-the-beat, rather rigid singing seemed shallow when compared with Rushing's, who was in good form. The blues duet that closed the performance didn't quite come off.

The Gibbs band came back to finish out the night, sounding even more relaxed than on the first set.

STURDAY AFTERNOON was heralded as *Ellington Carte Blanche*. Festival general manager Jimmy Lyons announced this as being the first time Ellington had been given carte blanche, which, of course, is not true—it had been given him at the Indiana Jazz Festival earlier this year, and, in reality, any Ellington performance is carte blanche.

The first half of the performance was made up mostly of what has been standard Ellington concert fare: the *Black and Tan Fantasy-Creole Love Call-The Mooche* medley, with excellent Ray Nance plunger trumpet; *Stompin' at the Savoy*, a kicking arrangement featuring a nervous-sounding Brown trombone solo; *Jam with Sam*, a 12-bars-each stream of soloists; *Summertime*, which trumpeter Cat Anderson performed perfunctorily; *Matumba* from *A Drum Is a Woman*, on which Bell played beautifully in an unaccompanied bass solo. Mixed in with the usual was the not-usual Paul Gonsalves tenor treatment of *In a Sentimental Mood*; the lustrous arrangement set off well Gonsalves' very personal harmonic ideas.

It was not until Ellington announced, "There's nothing like a totally unprepared program," that the band got roll-

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and *Imagination* showed the depth of his feeling for the ballad form, a facet of Gibbs' conception sometimes overlooked in the heat of his up-tempo playing.

Other soloists were altoist Joe Maini, who was a bit disappointing; trumpeter Conte Candoli, whose thoughtful solo on *Flyin' Home* came as a surprise in such a no-holds-barred arrangement; trombonist Frank Rosolino; tenorists Richie Kamuca and Bill Perkins; and baritonist Jack Nimitz. The rhythm section, made up of Lou Levy, piano; Buddy Clark, bass; Mel Lewis, drums, played with both fire and restraint.

Ellington, who lost none of his *savoir faire* even as he introduced Gibbs as Gibb, confessed his lack of emcee preparation and played the piano instead. Accompanied by drummer Sam Woodyard and bassist Aaron Bell, Ellington treated the audience to *Take the A Train*. He continued this format for the rest of the festival. Each of the piano pieces were delightfully done and received with delight.

John Coltrane's group came on stage next.

Besides his regular rhythm section, made up of pianist McCoy Tyner, bassist Reggie Workman, and drummer Elvin Jones, Coltrane had guitarist Wes Montgomery and reed man Eric Dolphy with him. The six men had been working together at San Francisco's Jazz Workshop for a few days previous to the festival. The group played only three tunes, though it was on stage for almost an hour.

Montgomery stood out among the soloists, his choruses marked by his wonderful rhythmic flair. His solos were notable for diversity of approach. On

overcame the problem to a certain extent and played some exciting solos, though neither was as moving or as consistent as Montgomery.

Even when Coltrane is not playing his best, he has the ability to create an aura of wild excitement at up tempos. On ballads his playing can be soothing, but underneath, there is excitement. Judging by his work this night, Coltrane may be entering another phase of his development; at times, he indulged in what sounded like animal sounds, especially on his second *My Favorite Things* solo.

Dolphy played flute (*My Favorite Things*), bass clarinet (*Naima*), and alto (*So What?*). While his flute work was generally good, part of his solo sounded as if he were trying to imitate birds. His use of quarter tone on *Things* led nowhere. And this seemed his greatest hang-up; none of his solos had a clear direction.

The ensemble possibilities inherent in the group were made clear on *Naima*. Coltrane and Dolphy combined soprano and bass clarinet in the first melody statement, achieving a rich, chocolatey sound. They used tenor and bass clarinet on the closing theme statement, the sound becoming darker and heavier. If Coltrane is able to keep this group together, it could turn into one of the most interesting in jazz.

A portion of Friday night's program was given over to what was billed as the Modern Mainstream Set.

The first part of the set featured Dizzy Gillespie and violinist Stuff Smith in a warm, humorous display of the happy side of jazz. Both are showmen as well as gifted jazzmen, and, at times,

ing. Impeded by bad intonation—and perhaps the bright sunshine—the band bit hard on *Suite Thursday*, dissipating the sour taste of the early part of the program.

After *Rocking in Rhythm* and the Carney vehicle, *Sophisticated Lady*, Ellington introduced the only new work he was to play at the festival, *The Girls*.

The introductory part, which Ellington reworked the night before, was sloppily played. It is a slight piece blown out of proportion; it might make a nice interlude or short section in a larger work, but as an introduction it failed. On the other hand, the main body of *The Girls*, divided into four parts, *Sarah*, *Lena*, *Mahalia*, and *Dinah*, was good Ellington.

Sarah is an impressionistic piano solo, a lovely, out-of-tempo theme. *Lena*, a medium bounce, is a dancing theme, first stated by piano. The full band picks it up, reworks it, and returns it to Ellington. *Mahalia*, taken at a slow, sensuous tempo, features Nance with plunger. (Nance evidently had not learned his part—Ellington held the music for him as he soloed.) *Dinah*, a rocking blues over shuffle rhythm, spot-



Duke

lighted good trombone section work and a subdued Gonsalves.

The Girls, though held together by the feminine theme, is not a major piece of writing. But taken separately, the four themes are delightful Ellington songs. And perhaps the song form is really Ellington's forte.

Woodyard soloed with elbows as well as sticks on *Skin Deep*. Then Johnny Hodges stepped forward and played *All of Me*, *Passion Flower*, and *Things Ain't What They Used to Be*, doing them as convincingly and expertly as ever.

The afternoon ended, as do most Ellington performances, with Milt Grayson singing *One More Time Once*. It was not a fitting climax.

J. JOHNSON with brass choir opened Saturday night's program, but a large part of the crowd (this reporter included) was caught in a traffic snarl leading to the festival site.

Fortunately, Johnson's set was repeated Sunday afternoon (*see below*).

Carmen McRae's Chicago trio, Norman Simmons, piano; Bob Cranshaw, bass; Walter Perkins, drums, did a good job of warming up the audience before the singer's entrance. Miss McRae's treatment of ballads, which this night included *When Sonny Gets Blue*, *Midnight Sun*, and *I Love You, Porgy*, was sometimes spellbinding. Singing with emotion, taste, and flexibility, she disdained for the most part, the swoops and clichés heard in most so-called jazz singing. She employed what is basically a tenor saxophone approach, but she seldom lost the meaning of the words in her melodic variations. Her technique, while not formidable, was impressive; she ended *Midnight* with a long gliss that was so controlled it seemed the individual notes making up the gliss could be heard.

Miss McRae's up-tempo work sometimes suffered from too much put-on. The satiric, laughing quality she used to advantage on *They All Laughed*, got the better of her and popped up at odd times.

The Dizzy Gillespie Quintet followed Miss McRae, and after a not-too-excit-



Dizzy

ing *Desafinado* (which means out of tune), the group caught fire. The rhythm section (Lalo Schifrin, piano; Bob Cunningham, bass; Chuck Lampkin, drums), which has lacked strength on other occasions, galvanized into a tight, heated dynamo. Dizzy was moved to play more excitingly than has been his wont lately, blowing twisting, spiraling phrases on *Lorraine*; pushing as if he heard a big band behind him on Schifrin's *Long, Long Summer*; and then shifting to a more reflective mood in his muted *Kush* solo.

Leo Wright, rarely disappointing, was like a volcano, spewing forth great chunks of heated music. He is developing into a musician of major caliber, one certainly deserving of more attention. His flute and alto work at the festival was some of the most vigorous and invigorating playing heard over the weekend. If the festival was a major

triumph for Gillespie, it was, at least, a minor one for Wright.

Nor can Schifrin be ignored as a soloist. So much has been written about his compositional skills that his ability as a soloist is sometimes ignored. In the year or so he has been with Gillespie he has developed from a mediocre soloist to one of great interest. He structures his solos with discernible beginnings, climaxes, and resolutions. His Latin background may explain his exceptional sense of rhythm—on *Kush*, which is in treble meter, he juxtaposed four against three, producing an effect of rushing the tempo, building tension, leading to resolution made all the more sweet when he dropped back into the dominant meter.

Singer Joe Carroll did *Route 66* and *Wa-Wa*, a trombone imitation, with the Gillespie group, ending his stint with a humorous vocal duet with Gillespie on *Oopapada*. His performance, good as it was, could only come as an anticlimax after the quintet's stirring set.

The rest of Saturday night's program was built around George Shearing, first with quintet and, much later, with brass section. The Shearing portion started promisingly with Mary Lou Williams' *Lonely Moments*, in which Shearing played an excellent fugue-like solo. He continued fugally with *My Funny Valentine*, but the device grated after a while. On *Honeysuckle Rose*, which could have been titled *Honeysuckle Soul*, Shearing indulged in some stiff Gospel-style piano that sounded more Bob Zurke-ish than "religious." Several tunes, many jokes, and much swaying later, Shearing brought on Armando Peraza for a Latin excursion, climaxing with *How High the Moon*, which moved the capacity crowd to shouts of approval. The few tunes the Shearing group did with the brass section were enough to perk up weary critical ears, especially the Basie-inspired *Just Plain Bill*, but time had run out.

It would seem that Shearing, who is one of the ablest pianists in jazz, would concentrate more on *playing* at a jazz festival and devote less time and attention to his humor, "hits," and histrionics.

SUNDAY AFTERNOON was the high point of the festival. There was so much of importance played that it was difficult to digest it all in one hearing.

J. J. Johnson repeated his program from the night before. Consisting of three selections, *Taboo*, an untitled original, and *Lament*, the set proved Johnson's important, and often ignored, talent as arranger-composer. It also served to remind some of us of Johnson's rhythmic inventiveness in improvising, a quality sometimes lost sight of.

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used was made up of five trumpets, four trombones, two tubas and four French horns with two harps, bass, and drums. Johnson knows how to write for all the instruments, using brass as blankets of sound at times, giving the section air at other times; getting a sax-section-like sound from the French horns, as on the end of the original; and writing harp parts that obtained a piano effect. Above all, Johnson's writing flows.

He played superbly, building a long solo on the original and evoking melancholy on *Lament* by the use of downward slurs.

Dizzy Gillespie, attired in Nigerian robes, Middle Eastern hat, and *Arabian Night* shoes made in Yugoslavia, followed Johnson to the stand. For the next two hours, he held listeners transfixed with a magnificent display of virtuosity, conception, and artistry. The contrast between his garb and his playing was indicative of what makes Gillespie the person he is.

He was featured soloist on three long works: Lalo Schifrin's *Tunisian Fantasy*, a three-part recomposition of Gillespie's *A Night in Tunisia*; J. J. Johnson's *Perceptions*, a six-part composition commissioned by Gillespie; and Schifrin's *Gillespiana*, written in



JIM TAYLOR

Johnson and Schuller at rehearsal

the concerto grosso form. The program was ably conducted by Gunther Schuller.

Wright, Schifrin, and three Latin drummers were added for *Fantasy* and *Gillespiana*; Lampkin replaced Mel Lewis, who played on the Johnson set and *Perceptions*.

Of the three parts of *Fantasy*, the first is closest to the original. Schifrin utilized dissonant, Harmon-muted trumpet figures at different points through the first part. Buddy Clark, who turned many ears around during the festival, was excellent in a bass solo marked by a frequent and integral use of double stops.

The slower-tempoed second part began with bi-linear interplay between arco bass and Gillespie's trumpet. This was followed by theme statement by Gillespie, first with tuba and then with tuba, French horn, and trombone, lead-

ing into a Latin section with full brass. Schifrin's use of parallel motion was striking in this section. Clark again was outstanding in a pizzicato solo.

The third part was taken at a fast tempo. The shouting, Latin-flavored ensemble gave way to muted Gillespie with bass accompaniment. The piece ended with a fanciful Gillespie cadenza.

The first two sections of *Perceptions* were introductory. Beginning with a Harmon-muted trumpet fanfare, the almost solemn first part consisted of theme statement by Gillespie backed by French horns, trombones, and harps.

The trumpeter was backed by the two harps in his first improvisational section. Johnson achieved a folksy, lute-like effect with the harps which handsomely set off Gillespie's lonesome-sounding, muted solo.

The third section opened with lustrious brass writing; Gillespie, now playing open horn, seemed to climb out of the top of trumpet section as he slashed into his solo. This part was made up of several meters. The meters, which included 6/4 and 7/4, flowed into each other, giving an effect of extension and compression of the time. Gillespie joyously leaped into the 6/4 jazz passage, soloing with great vigor. The 3/4



JIM TAYLOR

Dizzy on Sunday afternoon

section following the improvisation was brilliant in rhythmic devices and power. The third part closed with trumpets paraphrasing an earlier figure.

The fourth part began starkly with a lean-textured harp duet. Gillespie entered, playing softly and soberly over the harps. The spell was broken with a shattering brass call.

Gillespie played fiercely on the fast-paced fifth part, building climax after climax, each more intense than the preceding. The part ended on a pedal tone leading into the final part, which was reflective. By this time, the trumpeter's lip was giving him trouble, but he ended the piece with not too much difficulty.

Perceptions is an exceptional piece of work, and Johnson must be counted among the important jazz writers. Though the composition was written with Gillespie in mind, it did not seem that Gillespie was essential to its per-

formance—it sounded as if it could be played as well by Johnson.

The two Schifrin compositions were closer to the spirit of Gillespie, especially *Gillespiana*, which was slightly better than the Verve recording version in solos, a bit below the recording in ensemble work.

Much of the credit for the afternoon's success must go to Schuller, not only for his conducting but for his rehearsal of the musicians. Nor should trumpeter Al Porcino go unmentioned; his lead work spelled the difference between success and failure.

It was an exciting afternoon.

THE ELLINGTON band was featured again Sunday night, playing the opening and closing sets. It seemed that, beginning with the second half of the Saturday afternoon program, the band got better each time it came on stage. By the end of the night it was roaring.

Hodges again was outstanding in his feature spot, which included a repeat of *All of Me*, complete with walkout ending; a light, fluffy *Flirty Bird*; and *Jeep's Blues*, in which he played a singing solo.

One of the most interesting parts of Ellington's Sunday night program was the three-part *Take the A Train*, especially the second part, which Gonsalves played as a ballad.

Odetta followed the first Ellington set. With LeRoy Vinnegar's bass and her own guitar as accompaniment, she sang several folk songs but failed to establish rapport with the audience as she usually does in more intimate surroundings. Announcing that she could not play blues guitar, the singer called upon Mel Lewis and Lou Levy to join Vinnegar in backing her in seven songs associated with Bessie Smith and Ma Rainey. Levy, Lewis, and Vinnegar seemed a bit ill at ease, and Odetta seemed unable to make her material come to life.

The Dave Brubeck Quartet also failed to ignite any fires. Except for Paul Desmond's alto, which seemed to play all the parts on a blues and *You Go to My Head*, the group's performance was generally lackluster. Brubeck and drummer Joe Morello seemed unable to get anything going. Bassist Gene Wright was his usual strong self, though he could not lift Brubeck and Morello to headier heights.

IN ADDITION to Monterey's musical success, the festival grossed more than \$100,000 and sold more than 28,000 tickets for the five performances. It would seem the combination of generally interesting music, some of it extraordinary, and planning spell the difference between festival success and failure.



DEXTER GORDON

By IRA GITLER

THE TIME FOR RECOGNITION



FRANCIS WOLFF/BLUE NOTE

IT WAS the second Monday in May when the phone rang and a voice said, "Guess who I heard at the Jazz Gallery Saturday night—Dexter Gordon! He sat in with Kenny Dorham and sounded like a lion. I tried to call you. . . ."

The exuberant caller was a young woman who occasionally serves as field reporter without portfolio. When she calmed down, she added the information that Gordon was in New York City for a week's time to record for Blue Note. I began to get excited. After all, he hadn't been in New York since 1948 and the album he had done for Jazzyland in October, 1960, which was released early this year, was his first time on record since the end of 1955.

In the mid-1940s, immediately after he left Billy Eckstine's band, Gordon appeared many times on 52nd St. and at the Sunday afternoon sessions held in such places as the Fraternal Clubhouse on W. 48th St. or the Lincoln Square Center, near St. Nicholas Arena.

He was an exciting player, and he had a sense of the dramatic that commanded an audience's attention even before he began to play. He was handsome, of imposing height, and of "cool" manner. Often he would make a belated entrance and upset everything merely by putting his tenor saxophone together in view of the crowd.

One time in the fall of 1945, he and trumpeter Red Rodney were playing a set together. Dexter made his entrance at the Fraternal Clubhouse by starting his solo in the wings and shuffling onstage. Another time, at the Lincoln Square,

he showed up with a finger encased in a cumbersome bandage. Though unable to play, he was still the center of attention between sets.

His work with Eckstine (*Blowing the Blues Away* and *Lonesome Lover Blues*, for instance) and his solo on *Groovin' High* with Dizzy Gillespie, indicated to interested listeners that Gordon was a man of emotional power and harmonic awareness. He became the first to translate successfully to tenor saxophone the new ideas happening in jazz. His influence on other tenor men was readily apparent. Allen Eager's first Savoy recordings (*Booby Hatch*, *Rampage*) indicate this, and Stan Getz was persuaded for a while, as witness his *Opus de Bop* and *Running Water*, also from a Savoy date of that period. Billy Smith, who recorded with Thelonious Monk on Blue Note (*Evince*, *Suburban Eyes*, *Humph*) played in a definite Gordon groove, and there were doubtless many more who never reached a recording studio.

The most important aspect of his influence, however, came to flower in the '50s, in John Coltrane and Sonny Rollins. (Players such as Jackie McLean, Clifford Jordan, Jimmy Heath, and Bill Barron also show the Gordon stripe.) Coltrane and Rollins, of course, became strongly individual musicians, but the presence of Gordon in their backgrounds reflects Dexter's stature.

The late '50s were Gordon-barren, but Jazzland corrected that to a certain extent, and on the album, *The Resurgence of Dexter Gordon*, Dexter demonstrated that he hadn't lost his fire and had been listening closely to some of the men he had influenced originally.

Blue Note records, now about to record the resurging Gordon, set up an interview with him.

The meeting's link to the past was stimulating. Looking up at him from my 5 feet, 11 inches, the picture of 6-foot-5-inch Dexter in a Los Angeles Lakers basketball uniform came to mind. It seemed as if he had become even taller—and perhaps he has in one sense of the word. In 1945, he was a youth of 22; now he is a man of 38. If he hasn't grown in height, Dexter Gordon has grown as a person. He has learned some hard lessons. Narcotics, the pitfall of many young musicians in the '40s, did not leave him untouched. Today, however, he looks strong and healthy. There is, as well, an inner relaxation that seems to show through.

THE talk was about the usual things at first. His earliest influence was Lester Young, which is well known, but he also cited Herschel Evans, Dick Wilson (tenor man with Andy Kirk), and Roy Eldridge as other early models. Contrary to some written reports, Gordon claimed that he didn't really pick up on Coleman Hawkins, Don Byas, and Ben Webster until the mid-'40s. These men were active on 52nd St. at this time. He and Byas, both with white stripes bleached in their goatees, played together for a while at one of the clubs.

Before 52nd St., in the Eckstine band, he came in contact with Dizzy Gillespie, alto man John Jackson, and Fats Navarro when he replaced Gillespie. It was then that he "dug other things besides Lester."

Such is "typical of youth," Gordon said, referring to himself at that time but "including the young musicians of today."

"They get one idea in mind that they think is very hip before their minds open up and they mature. You've got to appreciate the things that went before."

Concerning his knowledge of musical forms, which had put him ahead of many of his contemporaries in the early '40s, he pointed out that he had studied harmony and theory in his native Los Angeles from the age of 13, the same time he took up the clarinet. The teacher he spoke of with great respect is Lloyd Reese. "He plays trumpet—all brasses—piano, sax," he said. "A lot of people out there studied with him. I got a musical integrity from him that has been invaluable to me."

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Then Gordon reminisced about his big-band experiences. He had started playing alto sax at 15 and switched to tenor two years later. That was 1940, the year he quit school and joined the local Harlem Collegians. In December, he went with Lionel Hampton and stayed with him, quite unnoticed by the public, until 1943. Illinois Jacquet was the featured tenor man. "There was a number called *Po'k Chops* with Jacquet—it was about the only thing I had to play," Gordon recalled.

Back in Los Angeles again, Gordon worked with Lee Young, Jesse Price, and, for six months in 1944, Louis Armstrong's big band. Then came Eckstine and recognition.

"Sonny Stitt was on the band and sounding like a whirlwind then," Gordon said. "Part of the sax section was called the Unholy Four—Stitt, myself, John Jackson, and Leo Parker. We liked to rehearse, so we'd get our parts first from Jerry Valentine [the trombonist-arranger with the band]. We'd room together, hang out together. We were so full of tempestuous youth that things didn't always go too smoothly."

Later, Gene Ammons joined the band on tenor. The Gordon-Ammons duet on *Blowin' the Blues Away* was not the first saxophone tandem in jazz, but its success certainly triggered a new and lasting interest in this type of combination.

On 52nd St. in 1945, Gordon found himself at the Spotlite in a group that included Charlie Parker, Miles Davis, Bud Powell, Curley Russell, Max Roach or Stan Levey, plus dancer Baby Lawrence "taking 'fours' and 'eights' with the band."

"Bird would leave Miles and me with our mouths open every night," Gordon said.

Before he returned to the West Coast in the summer of 1946, Gordon had done many recordings for Savoy as a sideman and under his own name. The latter may well be remembered for their inclusion of his first name in almost every title. About these influential sides, Gordon said only, "I dig 'em, but I'm a little embarrassed by 'em, too."

After playing in Hawaii with Cee Pee Johnson, Gordon settled in Los Angeles again. It was here that he and the late Wardell Gray became a team. It started at an after-hours place called Jack's Basket and other weekly sessions.

"There'd be a lot of cats on the stand, but by the end of the session, it would wind up with Wardell and myself," Gordon recalled. "The Chase [recorded for Dial] grew out of this. Wardell was a very good saxophonist. He played very clean. I always enjoyed playing with him."

The association with Gray was broken temporarily by Gordon's return to New York in 1947. When he went back to California a year later, Gray was in New York. It was not until 1950 that they were reunited. This time it lasted only two more years and was sporadic at that.

West Coast jazz was in ascendancy in the '50s, and the hard-swinging music of Dexter Gordon was out of favor. Even if it had not been, Gordon would not have been around to play it. His personal problems kept him in and out of jail. However, during a stretch at Chino, the famous prison without bars, something new—acting—entered his ken. He took part in the movie *Unchained*, which starred former football star Elroy (Crazylegs) Hirsch. "I had a few lines, but when I was seen playing the tenor, the soundtrack wasn't me," Gordon said.

In 1960, Gordon was leading a group at the Zebra Lounge in Los Angeles when playwright Carl Thaler asked him to read his play entitled *The Dying of the Light*. "The play had a musical background," Gordon said, but nothing happened with the proposed production. However, later in the year, through Thaler, Gordon became part of the Los Angeles company of *The Connection*, the play about heroin addicts. His duties included writing the score, leading the onstage

quartet, and handling a main speaking role, which entailed a lot of ad libbing.

Gordon said he feels that he did very well with the assignment.

"The play was startling from an audience standpoint," he said. "I got very involved in it. The score I wrote was sympathetic and identifiable with the theme of the play. Basically, I think it was an honest approach. It did a lot for me. It gave me confidence. I had to do the score in three weeks and fit everything in. It gave me exposure and publicity. I had several good write-ups."

"The daily papers liked it. No papers mentioned any racial angle. Only John Tynan commented and intimated that this was what the producers wanted. [In the Oct. 13, 1960 *Down Beat*, Tynan, in a general condemnation of the play, wrote, ". . . one supposes the fact that the musicians onstage are all Negro is also symbolic"] It's not so. These were the guys I wanted."

One of Gordon's strong desires has been "to get back in touch—to find myself musically again."

His attention to the work of Rollins and Coltrane is almost like receiving interest on something he banked a long time ago. A 1955 recording with Stan Levey, on Bethlehem, includes a long blues entitled *Stanley the Steamer*. Gordon is featured all the way and shows a definite affinity for the Rollins of that time. The recent Jazzland album includes passages that indicate an awareness of Coltrane. "Trane has opened things up quite a bit on the instrument—technically and from the standpoint of conception," Gordon said. "For myself, I like a more rhythmic approach."

This swing credo is demonstrated in Gordon's first Blue Note album, *Doin' Allright* (sic), with Freddie Hubbard, Horace Parlan, George Tucker, and Al Harewood. The second album, with Kenny Drew, Paul Chambers, and Philly Joe Jones is due to be released later this year.

Now Gordon is back on the West Coast. Though branding West Coast Jazz sterile, he had praise for tenor man Harold Land, pianist Elmo Hope (now in New York), and drummer Frank Butler, "about the most musical drummer I've ever heard—very melodic." He also spoke well of saxophonist Joe Maini, bassist Monte Budwig, tenor man Richie Kamuca, trumpeter Carmell Jones, and pianist-arranger Onzy Mathews' big band, which plays weekend dates and other casuals.

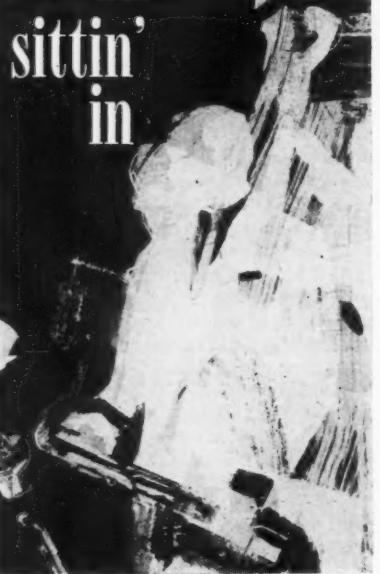
Word of Gordon's continued good work was brought back by pianist Wynton Kelly, who filled an August engagement at an L.A. club. On the last four of the eight nights he played, Gordon was a member of the group. "We had a ball," Kelly said. "Dexter impressed the hell out of me. He was really stretching."

A similar response came from Kenny Dorham concerning the May sit-in: "I've known Dexter a long time. He and J. J. (Johnson) lived with me on Seventh Ave. in 1946-47. He's a swing master. He has a method. It sounds like a natural, but it's a method. He can get outside on the chords."

Gordon, who always could stretch out on the chords, has said, "Technically I've improved. I have more of a mastery of the instrument—not that it's anywhere near perfection. I've been studying quite a bit. Harmonically—my whole musical grasp has broadened."

Though no radical, especially in comparison to some of today's young Turks, Dexter is in favor of experimentation in jazz, saying, "All the different elements—soul, cool, Ornette, etc., go into the main body and keep it from getting complacent—give it a new flavor."

Looking at it from the standpoint of a jazz gourmet, Dexter Gordon continues to be one of the important chefs.



By ART HODES

Ours is a world that operates at night, unless you're the exception who can get up at noon and catch a nap later on. So, ordinarily, it's a mid-afternoon awakening. If you're on the road and happen to get up at noon, it can be dreadful. You can get run over by noon-time people, rushing to get through lunch. You won't make that mistake twice. But you're up now. Might as well see the town (and they don't differ much from one another, not in the amount of time at least that you have for a look). Look around for odd places to eat, where the food is good, plenty of it, not too expensive. Also a practice room—gotta have some place to warm up. Okay. You still have a bit of time, so write a letter, maybe pick up on the home-town paper, catch a movie. No problem if you're a leader. There're always calls to make, appearances, people. Anyway, it won't be long before night's on you.

Nightfall, and the scene is the same Anywhere, U.S.A. You've made it (in one piece) to the gig. Some places, you get a hello from the help. Then they may wait 'till they hear you or see how you're received. There's the usual early faces, first-setters. "Hi-ya." You made the dressing room, changed clothes. You're on. That first set. Faces. Looks and glances. Stares. Maybe we better cool it. This crowd gives you that feeling you better not rush into it. Forget it. Play your instrument. Play your job. Lay it on down. Play to please yourself, and you've got it made, figuring that if you please yourself, it's got to be okay. Well, sometimes you wind up surprised—somebody there likes it. Most times, though, that first set is one to be avoided. Only you can't.

It's over, and you wander outside. There's a bar next door and a hamburger hut across the street (connected to a bar) . . . Let's make it. It's early, cool it, have some coffee. Your eyes are beginning to peel, you're noticing things. Policeman just walked in and found the boss. They're huddling in the anteroom (a good name for it, like get it up). Looks like collection night. What lousy coffee. All right, let's go back. A couple stop you on the way. "Sure enjoyed your music." Well, that makes you perk up. An intelligent couple. Feeling better, much better. Here we go . . . No, they're still on, the other group. They're playing rousers. The house is coming to life.

It's close to 11:30 p.m. Two sets gone. Let's chance it. You accept the offer to "sit down, have a drink." If you do, you're nailed.

"Where do you guys go from here?"

How many times a night, a week, a month, can you answer that question? One guy worked out routines. Somebody buttonholed him at a summer resort place.

"What do you do in the winter time?"

"I wear an overcoat."

But sometimes, most times, it isn't that simple. Chances are you were a bit soaked coming off the stand. The rest period looked good. Tell you what—buy your own booze and sit in the band room. You kidding? If people want you, they find you. The manager knocks and says, "Hey, John, here's an old friend of yours."

I know one about a piano player, great piano man (at least I'm impressed). He's up there doing a single. Here comes a request: "Play 12th Street Rag." Now, you may not know it, but most piano men worth their weight in sweat, don't excite over that tune. There's a buck attached to that request. So our hero digs up a buck of his own and sends them back with the message: "Drink up; it'll go away."

I'd like to tell you about one musician whose mode of operation I get a kick out of. An intermission with him is a planned foray—he just about knows which people he'll sit with. The waiter (or waitress) gets there right after he sits, and the order is in. Conversation brisk. On a clear day he can down four or five gulps a set.

One fellow doesn't bother to wander at all and just says, "Send it up here." Then there's the character who shouts, "Don't applaud; send whisky."

Seems to be as many ways to handle an intermission as there are musicians. Dark glasses, anyone? Anyway you look at it, it's a dangerous assignment. If you turn down a drink your would-be host wants an answer—"Whatza mat-

ter; got an ulcer?" This is his night out; everybody drinks. No one stops to figure out that if you multiply everybody by, let's say 10, you have 10 shots of booze a night. Times five nights a week. Fifty shots. When you reach this stage you're also buying your own. That'll get you where you're going quick.

People weigh heavy. Their daytime gigs must be exhausting, but they're in the club, looking for a lift. Sometimes I get a feeling that these are moon people. Nothin' personal now. I'm not talking about you and me. But I've seen some knocked-out audiences. You wonder: what signal brought them all out the same night to the same club. A Monday night audience differs from a Saturday evening gathering. A holiday crowd is something else.

I'm reminded (and I know you weren't around then) of Chicago in the '30s. Subway Cafe on Wabash Ave., with the longest bar in the world. This place jumped with people. I couldn't describe the decor, never saw it, dimly lit. Couples loved it. You could get lost in some corner, and they did. A world of their own. What reminded me was this scene I'll never forget:

The boss had a deal going with some bus company, one of those see-Chicago-at-nite gimmicks. The Subway was on their see list. So here they come, around midnight. A bus pulls up and unloads. Just gobs of people, wild-eyed, starers. "Hang on to the one in front of you, and hang on (ladies) to your purses." Man, we'd lay for this bit and purposely be in peak condition. They'd walk through the place, slowly, lock step, all eyes.

They put on a good show. I wonder how many people they drew.

Often you hear, "You must have a terrible time, staying up so late." Yes, it would be nice to play music in the daytime . . . at some neighboring bank. It just doesn't work that way.

That last set I overheard a guy telling his date, "Wonder how soon the other group goes on." But then you're just as likely to hear someone say that about the other group. It's a screwy business. Cat I know puts it this way: "Better than driving a hole through your head."

Then, there's the night I'm playing and I think it's coming out good, and here comes some genius, mid-age business type, climbing onto the stand (and I'm wondering if he's going to make it without breaking up light housekeeping, instruments laying all around). He makes it, leans over the piano and speaks: "You used to play so good, what happened?"

Which reminds me—do I come on your job and take your shovel?

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AFTERHOURS —A JAZZ DISCUSSION WITH

By BILL COSS



As Hall Overton remarks later in the panel discussion following, it is the amazing diversity in jazz ("as represented even by the musicians you have here today") that gives the music enormous strength and guards it against eventual stagnation.

In discussions though, diversity can so often lead to complete confusion. It is a credit to these five men that their

divergent approaches created no chaos but produced an enlightened and enlightening exchange.

We met in the New York *Down Beat* offices on a Friday afternoon. Congeniality was immediately established by the lavish compliments paid to Bob Brookmeyer and Clark Terry for their new group. It was a spirit maintained to the end.

THE PARTICIPANTS

Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone, piano, composer, was born in Kansas City, Kan., in 1929. He now co-leads a quintet with Clark Terry.

Don Ellis, trumpet, composer, was born in Los Angeles in 1934. Clearly placed within the ranks of the new wave of jazz experimenters, he has a degree in composition and has worked with several big bands.

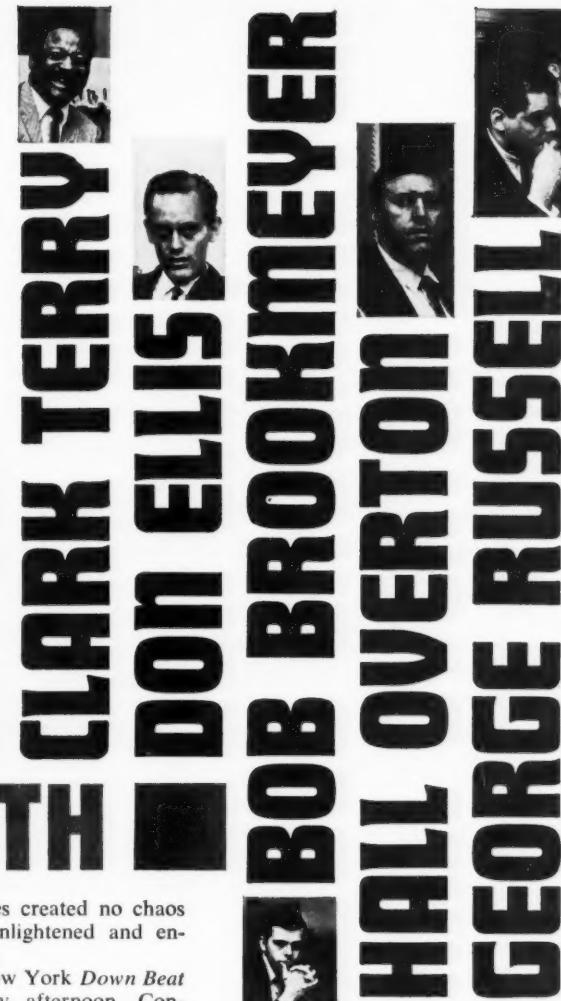
Hall Overton, piano, composer, was born in Bangor, Mich., in 1920. A much-praised composer in all fields of music, Overton is an important teacher also, as many top-flight jazz musicians will attest.

George Russell, drums, piano, composer, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in 1923. He wrote the first successful big-

band work combining jazz and Afro-Cuban rhythms for Dizzy Gillespie in 1947. He is currently leading a sextet, but much of his time is devoted to composing and to the further development of the Lydian concept of tonal organization. His book on composition recently was published.

Clark Terry, trumpet, fluegelhorn, was born in St. Louis, Mo., in 1920. With Duke Ellington from 1951 until 1959, after a long career in many bands, Terry since has toured with Quincy Jones, joined the NBC staff orchestra in New York City, and now co-leads a quintet with Brookmeyer.

Bill Coss, *Down Beat* associate editor in New York City, conducted the interview.



CLARK TERRY
DON ELLIS
BOB BROOKMEYER
HALL OVERTON
GEORGE RUSSELL

Coss: When this was first planned, I decided to ask you to discuss the future of jazz. Then it occurred to me that that is Bob Brookmeyer's most unfavorable subject. So I'll try to sneak up on it by talking about other things.

Maybe I can provoke you by saying that much of the jazz I hear today is pretty dull. Much of it is just entertainment music, without enthusiasm, joy, or happiness . . .

Russell: I think that when you were talking about entertainment music, you were talking about Dixieland. I can't agree with what you say. Just because there's an evolution in music, doesn't mean the best of the music that's gone before ceases to be an art. I mean, when Louis Armstrong and Father Hines get together, it's still an art.

Coss: That wasn't what I was talking about. But, all right, how about Louis and Hines? They're the exceptions. Did you ever read that interview with George Lewis, the New Orleans clar-

netist, where he said it was no longer possible to create anything new in Dixieland? That meant an essential element was gone from the music. According to most definitions, that would mean that Dixieland couldn't be jazz.

Overton: What did you mean when you said happy jazz? Do you mean music with elements of humor, or music that's unselfconscious, not studied? I guess the opposite of happy jazz would be unhappy jazz. And I don't know that it would be so, because . . .

Terry: I think what he means is that the people who play it enjoy it, and the people who are listening enjoy it, maybe to the extent that they laugh occasionally and pat their feet, nod their heads, maybe snap their fingers.

You don't see that in a lot of so-called cool places. Some of the cats on the stand look like they're evil and mean, and some of the things they're playing sound evil and mean; so, consequently, the people, their reaction, is evil and mean.

Overton: I agree with you, but isn't happy jazz, the term, used to describe Dixieland, more than any other style?

Russell: Happy jazz would be jazz played by working musicians. Unhappy jazz would be . . .

Terry: Maybe it is kind of hard for a guy to smile playing jazz when he knows he isn't going to be able to eat after the job, or he doesn't have any place to go home to.

Coss: Come on now. You're not supposed to be interviewing me. Forget the word happy. It was wrong of me to use it. What I really meant was enthusiasm and joy, and they can cover a much wider scope of things.

Ellis: Still, in connection with this entertainment music business, why is it that most jazz musicians reach just a certain point and then no longer evolve. It seems to me it would be possible to continually evolve, no matter where you had begun.

Overton: Some have. Look at Coleman Hawkins, for example.

Russell: Some musicians find a particular thing and want to work on it for 10 years, or forever. They may never change. Mechanically, it's a difficult thing to do, you know. When you've learned how to do one thing, and then suddenly along comes bebop, and introduces all sorts of new technical demands, it's hard to change what you know.

Ellis: I didn't mean that, not the conforming to an outside fad. In fact, just the opposite. I meant inwardly. He

wouldn't have to forget the things he's learned if he evolved inwardly.

Overton: I think I know what Don's talking about. It's a matter of trying new things, of taking chances. Some of them may not work. I suppose in a way it requires courage.

I'm thinking of someone like Thelonious Monk. You always get a sense with Thelonious—well, sometimes he'll rewrite himself in places—but, generally, he has a consistent record of trying new things. This gives a sense of growth, even though he always sounds like Thelonious. You have the feeling that next week he'll come out with something new—new for him—something he hasn't tried before.

Terry: A number of us who become satisfied close our minds, and that's where we are found 20 years later.

Russell: An opposite case to that, someone who is really dedicated, is Sonny Rollins. I don't know what he was thinking, but he must have felt he had to get away, get out of the music business, to think about all that he had done in terms of what he wanted to do.

Terry: Well, he wasn't satisfied.

Russell: I don't know whether he wasn't satisfied, but he certainly wanted to get away to think. He's just now beginning to play in public again. It sometimes takes that kind of drastic step in order to grow.

Ellis: But why do so many others not grow? They seem to stick at the level where they reached the most recognition.

Terry: Because they are satisfied. They close their minds. They don't want to listen to anything else . . .

Russell: There's an economic thing there, too.

Overton: There's also growing pains. It's very painful to grow sometimes. Every time you try something new, there's the chance of falling flat on your face.

Russell: I think an artist is one who always grows. The process is to seek new knowledge, then to absorb it, then to transcend it. That's the way it is done. An artist always has to do those three things, all three of them.

Terry: It's the same thing with improvising. If you never try a thing, you'll never know. On the other hand, you can stick to the clichés because you know they're safe, they'll come off. That's why a lot of guys stay in one groove.

Overton: Isn't the best jazz full of mistakes of one kind or another, which

don't sound like mistakes? That's misleading, they're not really mistakes.

Terry: Oh, but I know what you mean. Like, if a guy intends to make an F, and goes to a D instead, if it fits into the chord, and, if he sticks with that note, it brings what he was doing into another idea, a continuation of something else that he wouldn't have done if he had made the F.

Overton: That's right, and the minute he starts that change, he's got the chance of making a mistake.

Terry: You know this business of not taking chances can be very closely related to fighting. The biggest thing a fighter wants to do when he gets into the ring is not be hurt, not be embarrassed. It's the same thing in music. When you're up on the stand, you don't want to look like a fool. So, you stick to what is the most safe.

Russell: On the other hand, there are some people who, out of desperation, try something new. But they never transcend the technique. All that comes out is the technique they've found and very little art.



Russell

Ellis: I'd like to ask Clark and Bob a question—when you're playing in a club, and you have a solo, do you try, even though it's on the same tune every night, do you try to create an entirely new solo or do you play a particular solo each time with perhaps some embellishments added?

Terry: I try to create something according to the mood and how the other guys are feeling. You know, is the rhythm section cooking? Is Bob smiling? Is the audience receptive? When those things are right, you can do a lot. When they're not, you can fall back on your reserve, your things, the ones you know you can make any time you want to. But you still try to make the effort.

Brookmeyer: It's taken for granted that all things have to be right in anything as interdependent as playing is. To a certain extent, you are at the mercy of the guys you're playing with.

It's also dependent on the tune, too. You know, what kind of context you have to play the solo in. Some tunes

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and the circumstances that surround them, don't lend themselves to what you want. Not that you're trapped into clichés or a patterned solo, but there just isn't the possibility to do what you want.

Terry: In our case, we are free to really try anything we want, because all the guys support each other. I know with some of the groups I've been with, I've been afraid. For example, like a piano player of note, who is known to play an augmented 11th on every chord, and, if I don't feel like playing an augmented 11th on every chord, I feel a draft. You can't create if you feel a draft.

Coss: Don, on your album liner, didn't you say that you produce an artificial situation so that you are forced always to play differently, no matter what you might want to do, and, even though it might sound rough on occasion, it would have to be different from the time before?

Ellis: Yes, that was why I was curious about how Clark and Bob approached it. You know, when you've been on a



Terry

big band for a few months, you can hum a good portion of all the solo choruses. I always thought, when I came into jazz, that creation was the whole idea of jazz. Then, as you get older, you find out the hard facts, that some of these things you thought were gems of creation, have really been worked out, really woodshedded. They sound beautiful, but you really shouldn't hear the same artist playing the same solo night after night.

Terry: You know something, Don, bandleaders are responsible for a lot of that. They've got a record going and your solo came over great, and they ask you to continue to play it exactly that way. It gets to a point, sometimes, where you almost hate to play. I don't want to call any names, but there are bandleaders who do that.

Coss: Well, does it negate the fact of creation just because it's repeated? If it was a gem when it was first played, it remains a gem, even if it isn't free any longer.

Overton: You're talking about a mixed thing. You have to evaluate it differently. In the big bands, the proportion of written to improvised music is quite different than in a group.

Terry: Take one example, in Duke Ellington's band, when Ray Nance plays his solo on *Take the A Train*. It wouldn't be *A Train* if he didn't play that solo that way. It's become a part of the composition, and it's one of the all-time classic roles.

Ellis: Didn't Coleman Hawkins once say in *Down Beat*, many years ago, that people were always offering him money to play *Body and Soul* exactly the way he did on the original, and he always refused?

Terry: Well, he probably couldn't play it in the way he used to. Of course, there are probably dozens of guys who could play it note for note, because they copied it.

Coss: Now that you mentioned copying, that allows me to bring us back to where this all began.

The question I was asking was based on the fact that so much of today's jazz seems like copying. Many groups seem to trade music and soloists to such an extent that they all begin to sound alike. That's quite different from the way it used to be, and different from the viewpoints you're expressing here. Are we getting to a stereotyped jazz?

Brookmeyer: The groups you mentioned, which shall remain nameless, are involved in the mercantile factor. They have a product. I don't think they start out with that as a main plan. No one sits down and says, "Now, how can we make money? You do that, and I'll do this." It just evolves that way. But, once it does, that's it. You can call it trapped if you want. But that's the product they have. And if you want to have an economically feasible jazz band, that's what you're stuck with.

All the innovating is done before you become an economic success. It does depend on the person, though. A great musician can transcend the system. Anyway, if you are going to judge all musicians and all bands by the highest available standards, everybody except the geniuses will suffer.

Coss: If you're going to call jazz an art, don't you have to judge everybody by the highest available standards?

Brookmeyer: If you're going to call jazz an art, yes.

Overton: A good example of the opposite of this ossifying process is, say, Miles Davis, who keeps changing his personnel in his group, but, still the things he does are new and interesting.

Brookmeyer: Monk, too.

Overton: Right.

Coss: Does anyone feel there will be more written jazz in the future?

Overton: I don't think so. You're getting into a problem of semantics, really, as to whether to call it jazz or a composition. You can't ask whether jazz will be written. The essence of jazz can't be written. To me, the essence of jazz is improvisation. The written forms of that, that we have in good arrangements, are just reflections of something that was first improvised. It's got to have that feel and sound to it. I think any compositional form of jazz would cease to be jazz.

Coss: Jazz has to be improvised?

Terry: There's something that has bothered me all these years, that no one has ever come up with a real definition of jazz.

Coss: But, George, by any kind of definition, you write jazz. You write it, and others play it, and it is jazz.

Russell: But to a pure degree what Hall says is correct. But I'm influenced by improvisation, and I try to make what I write sound improvised, because I'm aware how important that is.

Coss: Yes, in line with that, there's Duke Ellington . . .

Russell: Yes, he writes, and his music is certainly jazz.

Coss: See, Hall, that's why I don't understand what you mean. Further, I've heard solos John LaPorta and Charlie Mingus have written for Louis Mucci to play, and no one knew it wasn't an improvised solo. It was jazz as far as anyone was concerned. So, I don't see any reason why jazz can't be written by jazz composers.

Overton: Well, I know, but it represents a threat to jazz itself. If we come to depend too much on the written forms of it, we are apt to lose the original impetus that made the writing possible.

For example, I happen to like George's writing very much, but he writes giving the effect of improvisation. That's so because George improvises himself. Otherwise, he couldn't write that way, wouldn't understand how to do it. But if jazz were to turn into mostly writing, it would lose an essential element, improvisation, which, if you want to redefine it, is writing, too—instantaneous composition.

Russell: I think composers are beginning to depend more and more on improvisation and the improvisers. There are works being written in jazz now

where you really can't tell the improvisation part from the written part. The composers are more and more providing framework for either collective or monophonic improvisation.

Ellis: I do the same thing with my composing, or I try to, as I do with my playing. I try to approach everything a different way each time. Right now, I feel the days of head arrangements are finished as far as producing anything new in jazz. As composers in jazz, we have to find new solutions to all the old problems.

I write to set off the improviser. I believe, as Hall does, that improvising is the core of jazz, but I have been trying to vary the usual approach. For example, in that *Improvisational Suite* I wrote, the improvising comes about in a way that hasn't been done before. There I gave the notes to the soloists, and the improvising was in the way the notes were used, whereas, generally, it's more or less the other way around. But, it's always the playing that is the most important thing, and the writing serves as a framework or a point of departure for the playing.

We are going through another turnaround in jazz. Right after bop, it seems to me writing became very important to everyone in jazz. Like the so-called West Coast movement. The improvisers suddenly weren't as important. Then, all of a sudden, everyone remembered jazz was supposed to swing. Horace Silver's *The Preacher* was the first thing of that kind that reminded me jazz hadn't been swinging, at least on records, for some time. We've got something back we seemed to have lost.

I don't know in what direction jazz is going to go, but I'd like to see it keep improvisation and swing. But you don't have to be sanctified to swing. You can swing in other ways, in subtler ways. It doesn't always have to be 4/4. Now groups think nothing of swinging in 3/4. And, there are a lot of other time signatures to go. I think we'll go into 5/8 and 7/8. Hall was showing me some things like that . . .

Overton: And you played them, too.

As long as we're talking about this, perhaps I should ask whether you think jazz could or should use some of the techniques of contemporary composi-

tion. For example, different meters, or playing in two keys at once, or utilizing new forms. I have been critical of some of the attempts to do these things, because they have been done out of association with the source from which they should have come. In other words, it's been done in the writing, but, when open holes are left for the improvisation, there is very often no relationship, there was no preparation.

This started to happen a long time ago. Stan Kenton had some wild, experimental music. There were wild ideas in the arrangements, but the solos didn't relate to the ideas. I think a closer relationship is possible now, and there are some composers who are coming up with music that swings and be said to come from these techniques.

But it can't be imposed from without. It has to come from something the musicians themselves feel and then develop an intuitive sense, a whole family of intuitive senses, about it so they can relax and make it swing. If it happens, it will happen from inside, from the jazz musicians, not from without, just because someone says jazz *ought* to be this way.

Russell: There's one thing about Miles and Monk to me. They never play experimental music. When it's done, it's done. It has transcended the experimental thing. I don't think experimental music should be foisted on the public. When the artist hasn't transcended the technique thing, and doesn't realize his limitations, his experimental music just ends up in the garbage can.

Ellis: Nowadays, everyone seems to use the word experimental as if it were a condemnation of the music. I'm sure a lot of music was written with the composer trying something new—in that sense it was experimental—but it came out beautifully. I'm sure there are many masterpieces that came about that way, so I don't understand the antagonism about experimental music.

Russell: Well, I guess it just comes down to basic artistic honesty.

Brookmeyer: You mean like someone who's just a professional iconoclast?

Russell: Yes.

Brookmeyer: Like, what do you for a living? Oh, I smash idols.

Terry: Speaking of the ingredients that were for so long left out of jazz, besides swing there's humor. So many great musicians and writers have the humor, like Duke. That gets us back to happy music, if you want to be there.

Coss: I don't.

Brookmeyer: The emotional factor seems to be the deciding point when you distinguish whether it is jazz or not. The fact that it's improvised does nothing to set it apart from any other music we've ever known.

Terry: There was a period in jazz we went through where some of the improvisers were playing music so unemotional it was practically morbid. Of course, they were playing for people who came to hear it. Maybe they were sadistic. I don't know.

Ellis: Doesn't art include all the emotions, including the sadistic.

Brookmeyer: Yes, but the music we are talking about didn't have any emotion at all.

Russell: Not only that, there's an attitude that goes along with that kind of thing, where the participants think it's the music. I don't think there is a *the* music. I think there's *a* music. Good Dixieland, good swing . . .

Coss: I want to get away from that before I get into trouble again. May I go back, and be persistent about something for a minute? It has been said the reason that gypsy music stopped being creative music was because it settled into persistent repetition. Is there any danger this might happen to jazz?

Terry: I don't think so. I don't think it's possible, because each day, each one of us wakes up feeling differently, and we approach our jobs in different moods:

Coss: Well, I'm sure the gypsies did, too.

Overton: I think the biggest difference is that in jazz, as you have in this room, you have a tremendous diversity of musicians and their approaches to music. When you have a formula music, you

(Continued on page 38)



Overton



Brookmeyer



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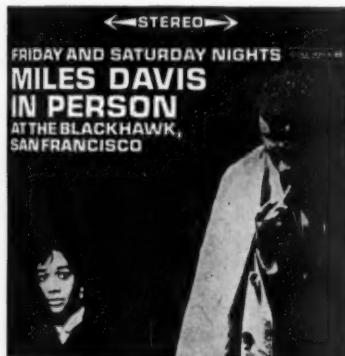
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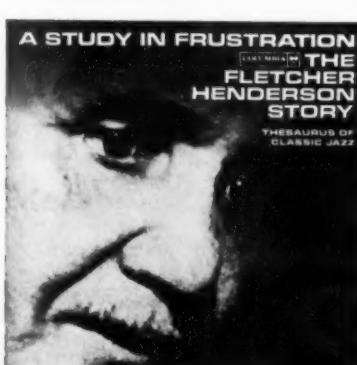
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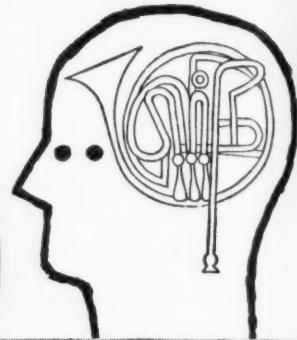


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OUT OF MY HEAD



By GEORGE CRATER

Lately, I've noticed, there's been a sharp decline in *social* drinking on 52nd St. Junior's and Charlie's, which annually produce millions of smiling faces, are now leading the East Coast in the mass production of basket cases. As a matter of fact, it's very unhip these days not to get into your basket at least twice a week. Now, one may ask, "What is a basket case?" . . . "How can they be spotted?" . . . "How does one become one?" Well, the answers to all these questions are really rather simple. In regard to Nos. 1 and 2, "baskets" usually:

1. Spend hours trying to get a pack of Marlboros out of a jukebox or Gene Ammons' *Exactly Like You* out of the cigaret machine.
2. Take catnaps on the bowling machine.
3. Make grave mistakes. Such as addressing Charlie, "Hey, Fats!"
4. Have mahogany stains on their foreheads.
5. Do silly things. Such as putting shuffleboard wax on their hardboiled eggs so they'll go down quicker.
6. List slightly in any of four directions.
7. List slightly in all of four directions.

8. Crumple, gracefully, to the sawdust at 4:03 a.m. Now, how does one become a "basket"? In a recent, informal survey of noted New York baskets, I found that by consuming one or more of the following ingredients, a basket effect should be achieved in just a few hours: Scotch, rye, gin, ale, vermouth, muscatel, sterno, opium, Löwenbrau, vodka, Comet cleanser, Mexican beer, cooking sherry, vanilla extract, chianti, bourbon, Irish coffee, liquid shoe whitener, tequila, Thunderbird, sauterne, Canadian whisky, absinth, Moroccan perfume, bock beer, champagne, cognac, Vitalis. For some reason, the opium/Löwenbrau/Moroccan perfume combination produces the tightest-woven basket. In this particular case, the basket gracefully crumples to the sawdust at 4:01 a.m., beating his fellow baskets to the lid-closing ceremony by two full minutes! In any case, the smiling faced, slightly buzzed juicer and the out-and-out drunken slob are no longer chic on 52nd St. This is the year of the basket case.

In line with everything mentioned above, I think I've hit upon a follow-up to my extremely successful line of wind-up dolls and the Dizzy Gillespie Bend-It-Yourself Tool Kit. In partnership with Phil Woods, Gene Quill, and Jimmy Campbell, I intend to market the George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket. No more will the respectable basket have to go home to collapse on the eight-foot black couch, the kitchen table, his saxophone case, or last Sunday's *New York Times*. Within a few weeks, baskets all around the country will be getting into cabs, driving home, opening their front doors, climbing into their baskets and gently closing their lids—the lids of George Crater Monogrammed Contour Baskets, that is.

Now here's our plan . . . The basic idea of a monogrammed, contour basket goes along the line of what is known as a "space shoe." With space shoes, a customer has a plaster cast made of his feet, and shoes are created to the exact measurements of the feet. The monogrammed, contour basket concept is much like this. Within a day or so, Quill and I will open up a chain of old gypsy stores under the trade name Baskets, Inc.

A prospective client will visit our store, listen to jazz records, and have sufficient tastes (choice from the above list) to get him ready for his fitting. As he topples over backward from the bar stool, Woods will rush in a large vat of plaster of Paris. The client is allowed to remain in the plaster of Paris for approximately 20 minutes, until it hardens. The cast is then cracked, the client sent home with an after-fitting taste, and the fresh mold sent to our factory. Within two weeks, the client comes back and picks up his beautiful, custom-fitted George Crater Contour Basket, complete with his name handsomely affixed in gleaming imported beer bottle caps. I can see those smiling cats closing their lids now.

You might say to yourself, where does Jimmy Campbell fit in? Well, aside from getting several well-known jazz musicians to agree to endorsements ("I wouldn't go any place without my George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket!"), Jimmy is going to handle our company's "missionary" work. That is, during his travels with the Woody Herman Orchestra, he'll visit taverns all over the country giving lectures on the advantages of the George Crater Basket. As the lecture progresses, he'll demonstrate the basket. Several short W. C. Fields films will follow.

My principal chore with the company will be with new design and development. Although the standard model George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket is quite impressive, there are some people who look for a little *more* in a basket. I'll devote most of my time to creating these more specialized baskets. For instance, we plan a George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket with Self-Closing Lid. With this model, you come home zonked, climb into your basket, and immediately upon your head touching the pillow—the lights go out, the lid automatically closes, a bottle of Löwenbrau is forced into your hand and a Monk record starts playing.

For the run-down individual, we will have the George Crater Monogrammed Contour Basket with Built-In Bar—so you never have to get out of your basket. For the very rich cats, we will have one with Built-in Stereo and Color TV with High F-Sharp Key. Although we won't be pushing it too much, we do have an economy model basket. Actually though, it's nothing more than a Gretsch drum case and a throw pillow.

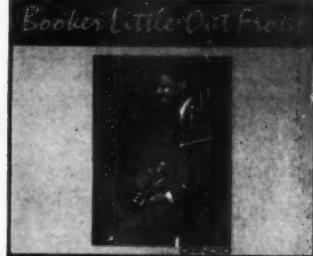
I'll pass on further details on our baskets in future issues. Meanwhile, scientist that I am, I'll just go on testing away.



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record reviews

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Ratings are: ★★☆☆☆ excellent, ★★★★☆ very good, ★★★ good, ★★ fair, ★ poor.

CLASSICS



Brailowsky/Ormandy

CHOPIN LISZT—Columbia ML-5652, MS-6252; *Concerto No. 1 in E Minor* by Chopin; *Totentanz*, by Liszt.

Personnel: Alexander Brailowsky, piano; Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy, conductor.

Rating: ★★

The chief interest here is the Liszt *Totentanz* (*Dance of Death*), a virtuoso piece that needs to be played with a great deal more raw excitement than Brailowsky is able to bring to it. Although Byron Janis and a few others play this fusian work now and then in concert, Brailowsky seems to be the first to record it.

The Chopin, rather more readily available on records, receives an unimaginative, though competently fingered, performance from the soloist. Only the obvious points are made, and these with too much muscle. Every now and then Brailowsky distorts a phrase for no apparent reason (listen to his opening gambit in the final rondo, for instance).

For a gentle and unhurried version, the Askenase on Deutsche Grammophon is better. Gary Graffman on RCA has an interesting cool approach. Still the best, however, is RCA's old Artur Rubinstein, a pre-stereo performance. (D.H.)

Copland/Menotti

PIANO CONCERTOS BY COPLAND AND MENOTTI—Vanguard VRS-1070 and VSD-2094; *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, by Aaron Copland; *Concerto for Piano and Orchestra*, by Gian-Carlo Menotti.

Personnel: Symphony of the Air; Earl Wild, piano; Copland, conductor, in the Copland concerto; Jorge Mester, conductor, in the Menotti.

Rating: ★★★★

Anyone who has had Wild pigeonholed as a pop concert pianist will find this record a surprise. Wild not only

plays faultlessly in both works but also with a vigor, a sense of style, and an intensity that make all the difference between life and death for these two rare pieces.

The Copland concerto, written in 1926 and first performed the next year, is possibly the most serious attempt ever made to use jazz in a traditional form and ought to be studied by anyone who currently dreams Third Stream thoughts. It is at best a hybrid experiment in the hands of Copland, and it was not long before he gave up the whole idea. Wild's performance appears to be the first on records since deletion of Leo Smit's Concert Hall version of early LP days, and it is a good one.

The Menotti, less pretentious in every way, is a bright, sassy work, full of showy fingerwork and completely charming in Wild's jaunty treatment. (D.H.)

Mozart/Walter

BRUNO WALTER CONDUCTS MOZART—Columbia ML-5655 and MS-6255: *Symphony No. 35 in D Major*, K. 385 (Haffner); *Symphony No. 41 in C Major*, K. 551 (Jupiter).

Personnel: Columbia Symphony Orchestra, Bruno Walter, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

As he retraces all of his old pathways once more in stereo, Walter discloses little new or surprising about his art, but what he has to say about such works as these is still as valid from his personal standpoint as ever.

That standpoint remains an essentially romantic one, with emphasis on long, singing lines and tempos so deliberate that each delicious phrase may be savored to its fullest. Walter's ability to spin out an andante until it becomes an adagio assai is proof of his musicianship, of course, but one sometimes wishes he would just get on with it and let Mozart transmit his own intimate messages. (D.H.)

Schubert/Reiner

SCHUBERT—RCA Victor LM-2516, LSC-2516: "Unfinished" *Symphony in B Minor*; *Symphony No. 5 in B Flat*.

Personnel: Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Fritz Reiner, conductor.

Rating: ★★★★

Reiner puts one in mind of a restorer of old paintings in his handling of such a time-worn masterpiece as Schubert's *B Minor Symphony*.

The master craftsman penetrates to the essence of this marvelous score, wiping away the grime and extra paint that has accumulated over the years. He stresses the simplicity and lyricism of the music, heeding Schubert's instructions with such fidelity that in following the performance with a score, one finds details leaping out of the page.

Where the average conductor smears this work in oils, Reiner is an etcher and draftsman. Oddly, his approach elicits more genuine poignancy than the heart-on-sleeve treatment. Reiner takes an exceptionally deliberate tempo in the opening movement but makes it work. He omits the repeat of the exposition, which is not uncommon.

The lighter-weight *Symphony No. 5* is less successfully handled by the Reiner method. Here we require the insouciance and bounce of Beecham for full effect. However, Reiner's attention to detail and ability to make an orchestra play its best results in a performance of interest, if not maximum charm. (D.H.)

Stravinsky/Schoenberg

STRAVINSKY AND SCHOENBERG PIANO MUSIC—Epic LC-3792, BC-1140: *Serenade in A for Piano and Sonata for Piano*, by Stravinsky; *Two Piano Pieces*, Op. 33a and 33b; *Suite for Piano*, Op. 25, by Schoenberg.

Personnel: Charles Rosen, piano.

Rating: ★★

This is an important release if for no other reason than its contents. None of this music has been recorded very often or very well. Rosen seems more at home in the Stravinsky, but the Schoenberg pieces receive clear performances, too.

The Stravinsky pieces are made to sound like the work of a disciple of Eric Satie, that is, rather French and dryly enigmatic. (D.H.)

Emanuel Vardi

THE VOICE OF THE STRINGS—Kapp KC-9059 and KC-9059-S: *Scherzo from Octet in E Flat*, Op. 20, by Mendelssohn; *Variations on a Theme by Tchaikovsky*, Op. 35a, by Arensky; *Fantasia on Greensleeves*, by Vaughan Williams; *Capriol Suite*, by Warlock; *Adagio for Strings*, by Barber; *Americana*, by Vardi.

Personnel: Strings of the Kapp Sinfonietta, Vardi, conductor.

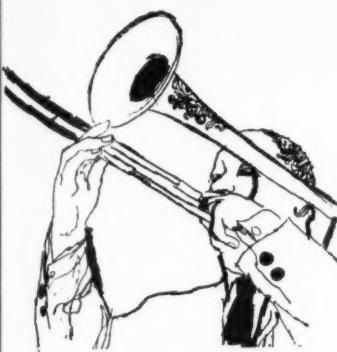
Rating: ★★

The sort of repertory Vardi includes in this album is familiar, certainly, except for the Warlock suite and Vardi's own sketches. But rarely are they treated so tastefully and with such respect.

The Mendelssohn, originally for two string quartets, can sound grotesque in orchestral form, but the Kapp strings capture exactly the right Mendelssohnian grace and lilt. The Arensky variations, too, are charmingly treated. Vardi's own compositions are not exceptionally interesting. Is there no way to suggest the flavor of American rural life except to saw away in open fifths, barn-dance fiddle fashion?

As a conductor, however, he has a knack for choosing right tempos, and his fiddlers are a first-class group. The stereo sound is bright and string-true. (D.H.)

JAZZ



Peter Bocage

PETER BOCAge—Riverside 379: *Mama's Gone Goodbye; Sister Kate; Purple Rose of Cairo; Who's Sorry Now?; Bouncing Around; Hilarity Rag; Frog Legs Rag; The Entertainer Rag; West Indies Blues; B-Flat Society Blues.*

Personnel: Tracks 1-5—Creole Seranaders: Bocage, trumpet, violin; Homer Eugene, trombone; Louis Cottrell, clarinet; Benjamin Turner, piano; Sidney Pfeiffer, guitar; McNeal Breaux, bass; Alfred Williams, drums. Tracks 6-10—Love-Jiles Ragtime Orchestra: Bocage; Charlie Love, trumpet; Albert Warner, trombone; Paul Barnes, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo; Auguste Lanoix, bass, Albert Jiles, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Bocage, who was active in the very early days of jazz in New Orleans, was 73 when these recordings were made, an age when a trumpet man can be excused if his chops are no longer holding up.

On the Seranaders side, Bocage wisely limits himself to playing simple, melodic leads most of the time, and the group with him stays in much the same vein.

Cottrell plays clarinet with a pure, singing tone, and Turner's piano solos are modestly turned but strongly rhythmic. Only Eugene's trombone occasionally reaches over into guttiness. Bocage appears once on violin (his original instrument) on *Purple Rose*, playing a straight, melodic line with little jazz coloration.

On the Love-Jiles side, Bocage turns most of his attention to violin. The three rags are dominated by his violin and Barnes' clarinet and are played at a much more moderate tempo than latter-day ragtime affect. The soft, lacy quality of the violin-clarinet interplay gives the rags a charmingly quaint character. Bocage's violin also lightens the lively *West Indies*, but his trumpet solo on *B-Flat Society* betrays his age and uncertain blowing powers.

Although this is one of the less successful in the Riverside Living Legends: New Orleans series, the three rags are a valuable and unusual addition to the recorded repertory. (J.S.W.)

Ray Bryant

CON ALMA—Columbia 1633: *Con Alma; Milestones; Ill Wind; Nuts and Bolts; Cuban Chant; Round Midnight; Autumn Leaves; C Jam Blues.*

Personnel: Bryant, piano; Bill Lee or Arthur Harper, bass; Mickey Roker, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Bryant is a highly skilled, pleasing pianist, who, in many ways, reminds me of a modern version of Teddy Wilson or Art

Tatum minus the rococo. In the past, he has proved himself an excellent two-handed pianist, and perhaps the best tracks here are *Wind* and *Midnight*, which are, in the main, unaccompanied, out-of-tempo solos. Both are individual interpretations. The charm of Thelonious Monk's often-done *Midnight* lies in Bryant's very distance from a Monkish feeling.

Bryant's own *Cubano Chant* is good blending of jazz and Latin elements and is another example of his touch.

The rhythm section is fine throughout, with Roker's brush work especially convincing on *Milestones* and in his feature, the happy bagatelle *Nuts and Bolts*.

On *Milestones* (Miles Davis' more recent Columbia *Milestones*, not his old Savoy *Milestones*), Bryant plays patterns but never really develops any central idea. This makes it a swift but empty exercise.

The title tune, *Con Alma*, although a beautiful melody, is drawn out too long. The building of intensity along the way does not justify its length.

On the other hand, *Autumn Leaves* is lightly swung after an out-of-tempo beginning, and *C Jam Blues* has some vigorous preaching, utilizing peaks and valleys for momentum in a not-overdone, soul manner.

Nothing fantastic or extraordinary happens here, but the playing is much more than competent. This is also a good place to reiterate that three stars means *good*. (I.G.)

Herman Foster

THE EXPLOSIVE PIANO OF HERMAN FOSTER—Epic LA 16016: *Yesterdays; Like Someone in Love; Carol; Dancing in the Dark; Goodbye; Dream.*

Personnel: Foster, piano; Grassella Oliphant, drums; bass, unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

Album notes, like the publisher's blurb on a book jacket, can be amusing if you remind yourself not to take them seriously. For instance: "Herman Foster is that rare phenomenon among today's crop of jazz musicians—a pianist who has found his own style. And what a style!"

What a style indeed. Garland-cum-Garneresque block chords almost to the point of distraction. Alternating with the Ahmad Jamal trinkle-trinkle right hand, the exquisite hesitations, the abrupt changes from **VERY LOUD** to **very soft** (or vice versa), and that whole bit, all liberally infused with blue notes in the style of Les McCann.

It is not that this is a particularly bad record, for it is not. I suspect that the usual categories of good and bad no longer apply with this sort of thing. What there is here is a sort of latter-day folk music, depending on a relatively few stock phrases and mannerisms, instantly recognizable by any member of the audience for which it is intended, and capable of being played by any number of moderately capable musicians. Above all, this is not art for contemplation, but art for immediate and effortless digestion.

Faced with this, value judgments on the part of reviewers are not what is required. It is enough to point out the class to which a record such as this belongs, and

to mention that, even in this highly mechanized music, there are practitioners superior to Foster. (F.K.)

Dexter Gordon

DOIN' ALLRIGHT—Blue Note 4077: *I Was Doing All Right; You've Changed; For Regulars Only; Society Red; It's You or No One.*

Personnel: Freddie Hubbard, trumpet; Gordon, tenor saxophone; Horace Parlan, piano; George Tucker, bass; Al Harewood, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

My enthusiasm for Gordon's playing on this LP knows very few bounds. It is not enough to say that he plays as well as he ever did, for he plays better and on some tracks shows a sustained emotional cohesion and directness that is rare indeed.

It is an especially heartening recital since another recent release by Gordon showed him doing a rather disconcerting imitation of one of his "pupils": John Coltrane.

I think that the best track is the longest, Gordon's blues *Society Red*. There the leader shows not only the qualities I have named but also the kind of fluent melodic urgency that he had on his 1947 classic *The Chase* with Wardell Gray, this despite his two brief interpolations of popular songs.

Hubbard on the same track paraphrases Gordon's theme as a middle section to his own solo. If he is not afraid to do that, and can make it work as well as he does here, he has grown as a musician. His sense of pace also has him holding back his virtuosity until the climax of his solo, and it is effective. As Hubbard acquires confidence, he is also developing an appealing and personal version of the rather blunt and muffled sound that many young trumpeters seem to like.

On *It's You* Gordon is almost as good as on his blues, and Parlan's intervals in his solo make for one of his most adventurous passages on the LP. A great deal of Parlan's work here may seem merely modish, for he frequently begins with funky blues devices and then ends with block chords. But Parlan has an emotional involvement with what he is doing in solo, and a sympathetic and enthusiastic response to the other players in accompaniment, that easily preserves his integrity. His commitment in the group also shows in the way he follows Hubbard's solo on *Regulars*, as he begins by developing Hubbard's last couple of ideas.

On that same *Regulars*, Gordon enters with a kind of stark emotion that is beautifully balanced and tempered by his fluent swing. It seems to me that within Gordon's style, it is a nearly perfect solo of its kind. On *Regulars* also, Harewood shows an involvement that is almost on Parlan's level, and he swings throughout.

All Right finds Gordon bowing slightly to another "pupil"—Sonny Rollins—in his theme statement, and the way he builds complexity and gradually tapers it down shows an approach that Rollins later developed into something nearly sublime. The only really weak track is *Changed*, on which Gordon's ideas seem a little too shop-worn. However, one cannot question the sincerity with which he delivers it.

I take deep pleasure in the periodic rediscovery that players like Jack Teagarden, Emmett Berry, Pee Wee Russell,

Coleman Hawkins, Buck Clayton, Ben Webster (I am not naming enough of them) are still committed and creative jazz musicians. I take the same kind of pleasure in hearing Dexter Gordon on this LP. (M.W.)

Benny Green

GLIDIN' ALONG—Jazzland JLP 43: *African Dream; Sweet Sucker; Glidin' Along; Green's Scene; Milkshake; Stardust; Expubidense.*

Personnel: Green, trombone; Johnny Griffin, tenor saxophone; Junior Mance, piano; Paul Chambers or Larry Gales, bass; Ben Riley, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Griffin plays on this record in his customary manner—which, it seems to me, is almost as if he had to coerce notes from his horn. From one point of view, he is a perfect foil for Green's generously good-humored directness. From my own, he is not, but I feel sure that if I could hear just a little sense of comedy in his playing, I would think that he is.

At any rate, the LP, on the whole, is good, meaning that it is professional, that it is more than capable and competent, and that there are some things about it that, as I shall try to indicate, are worth particular notice.

To take things more or less in the order they are offered, *African Dream* is a gimmick title (and a kind of gimmick I don't particularly appreciate, considering what's going on in the world today); during the rather roughly played ensembles the percussion does some Latin posturing. Mance uses a very nice variety of phrasing and rhythm in his solo. (But it seems to me his time gets a little muddy in the very fast *Milkshake* later.)

With Griffin's blues *Sweet Sucker*, it is evident that we are going to hear Green's beautifully round sound—here with something of Vic Dickenson's edge to it—in good melodies and well-built solos, this despite Jazzland's rather scratchy surface.

After Green has built to a peak, Griffin enters, ferociously virtuosic, at first unaccompanied, and, reversing the procedure, gradually calming things down.

On *Glidin'* there is more of Green's wonderful melodic clarity and good taste, here again with an anything-but-derivative bow to Dickenson.

Scene has a group vocal (I'm sure I hear Babs Gonzales in there), and it is a kind of *We Wanna Blow* routine, a blues with a *Rhythm* bridge that doesn't quite come off with the exuberance it apparently needs.

Stardust is the one slow track, and Green offers a beautifully embellished first chorus, but it seems to me that his otherwise wonderful humor gets in the way a bit of the mood he has built in his second chorus.

Expubidense, actually ex-Georgia Brown, has a kind of reversal of the *Sweet Sucker* sequence in that Green both builds and relaxes his own tension in a commendably well-paced solo. Then Griffin enters, nearly ferocious, to re-propel the piece in his way.

Green can be a fine player, and his style, of course, lies somewhere between swing and bop—all of which suggests that the best way to hear him might be in the company of such men as Sir Charles

Thompson, Gene Ramey, Jo Jones, Paul Quinichette. . . . (M.W.)

Al Hirt

HE'S THE KING—Victor 2354: *I Love Paris; One O'Clock Jump; The Jitterbug Waltz; Jazz Me Blues; The King's Blues; Cornet Chop Suey; The Old Folks at Home; Lover, Come Back to Me; Christopher Columbus; Laura; Down by the River-side; Three Little Words.*

Personnel: Tracks 1, 2, 4-7, 9, 11, 12—Hirt, trumpet; Jack Delaney, trombone; Pee Wee Spitelera, clarinet, tenor saxophone; Ronnie Dupont, piano; Oliver Felix, bass; Paul Ferrara, drums. Track 10—Hirt; Hank Jones, piano; Mundell Lowe, Danny Perri, guitars; George Duvivier, bass; George Devens, vibraphone; Sol Gubin, drums. Tracks 3, 8—Hirt; unidentified four trombones, baritone saxophone; five rhythm; Henri Rene, conductor.

Rating: ★ ★

Hirt's blaring, showboating trumpet is heard on this disc with a small New Orleans group, with a big band, and with a New York small group.

He maintains the standard of personal tastelessness he exhibited on his first Victor release, but this time there are occasional moments of surprise provided by Spitelera, a capable and well-oriented clarinetist who also turns in strong, hard-driving tenor saxophone solo on *One O'Clock Jump*, a selection on which Hirt stays in the background.

To give Hirt due credit, he manages to produce a pretty, straightforward solo on *Jitterbug* for one chorus before he goes into his histrionics, suggesting that with a little self-control he might work his way up to Ray Anthony's class. (J.S.W.)

The Mastersounds

A DATE WITH THE MASTERSOUNDS—Fantasy 3316: *Whisper Not; Funk-Funk-Funk; It Could Happen to You; Try It; Alone Together; For Now; Surrey with the Fringe on Top; Noreen's Nocturne.*

Personnel: Buddy Montgomery vibraphone; Richie Crabtree, piano; Monk Montgomery, bass; Benny Barth, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

I have heard it opined that the quartet formed by Buddy (playing piano) and Monk Montgomery (joined by brother Wes) after they left the Mastersounds is superior to the Mastersounds. Perhaps so, but there's no hint of it from what can be heard here.

First, the Mastersounds swing—harder than you might expect for this instrumentation. And they swing together. There is a sense of musical comradeship in their work—although, for all I know, they may not have spoken to one another off the stand—that goes beyond worked-out ensemble routines (they have those, too).

Where the Mastersounds have it all over the Montgomeys is in having Buddy on vibes. He is first rate on that instrument, and the brothers would do all listeners a favor if they could get him back to it. Recall that his vibes work was even paid the compliment of selection by Miles Davis for one of his quintets; however, illness caused Buddy to leave.

Crabtree also is impressive here. His is an intelligent and imaginative conception that I found refreshing, especially after

down beat's JAZZ RECORD BUYER'S GUIDE

For the benefit of record buyers, *Down Beat* provides a listing of jazz, reissue, and vocal LPs rated four stars or more during the preceding five-issue period. LPs so rated in this issue will be included in the next listing. Boxes are provided for easy checking.

□ <i>The Greatest of Dizzy Gillespie</i> (reissue) (RCA Victor 2398)	★★★★★
□ <i>Montgomery Brothers, Groove Yard</i> (Riverside 326)	★★★★½
□ <i>Ray Charles, The Genius after Hours</i> (Atlantic 1369)	★★★★★
□ <i>Steamin' with the Miles Davis Quintet</i> (Prestige 7200)	★★★★★
□ <i>This Is Walt Dickerson</i> (Prestige/New Jazz 8254)	★★★★★
□ <i>Benny Golson, Gettin' with It</i> (Prestige/New Jazz 8248)	★★★★★
□ <i>Blue Mitchell, Smooth as the Wind</i> (Riverside 367)	★★★★★
□ <i>North Texas Lab Band</i> (90th Floor Records 904)	★★★★★
□ <i>Charlie Parker, Bird Is Free</i> (Charlie Parker 401)	★★★★★
□ <i>Big Joe Williams, (vocal) Piney Woods Blues</i> (Delmar 602)	★★★★★
□ <i>Art Blakey, A Night in Tunisia</i> (Blue Note 4049)	★★★★★
□ <i>Johnny Coles, The Warm Sound</i> (Epic 16015)	★★★★★
□ <i>Booker Ervin, That's It!</i> (Candid 8014)	★★★★★
□ <i>Gigi Gryce, Reminiscin'</i> (Mercury 20628)	★★★★★
□ <i>The Chico Hamilton Special</i> (Columbia 1619)	★★★★★
□ <i>Slide Hampton, Somethin' Sanctified</i> (Atlantic 1362)	★★★★★
□ <i>Al Hibbler Sings the Blues</i> (vocal) (Reprise 9-2005)	★★★★★
□ <i>Percy Humphries, Crescent City Joymakers</i> (Riverside 378)	★★★★★
□ <i>Jazz Renaissance Quintet, Movin' Easy</i> (Mercury 20605)	★★★★★
□ <i>The Jazzter and John Lewis</i> (Argo 684)	★★★★★
□ <i>Dave Newman, Straight Ahead</i> (Atlantic 1366)	★★★★★
□ <i>Pee Wee Russell-Coleman Hawkins, Jazz Reunion</i> (Candid 8020)	★★★★★
□ <i>B. K. Turner, (vocal) Black Ace</i> (Arhoolie 1003)	★★★★★
□ <i>Various Artists, The Birdland Story</i> (Roulette RB-2)	★★★★★
□ <i>Lem Winchester, With Feeling</i> (Prestige/Moodsville 11)	★★★★★
□ <i>Ben Webster, The Warm Moods</i> (Reprise 2001)	★★★★★
□ <i>Phil Woods, Rights of Swing</i> (Candid 8016)	★★★★★

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Bill Evans Trio: Sunday at the Village Vanguard

The most widely, highly and deeply praised addition to the piano jazz scene in many a year is playing in one of the country's best 'listening' clubs, particularly noted for the awareness of its Sunday matinee audiences. It's surely a perfect setting for his first "live" date (a worthy successor to his recent *Explorations*—RLP 351—which critics voted best piano album of the year). (RLP 376; Stereo 9376)

Elmo Hope: Homecoming

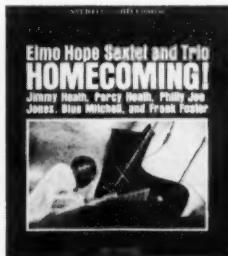
An unusually gifted and challenging pianist-composer-arranger comes back East after several years on the West Coast. What better way to celebrate his homecoming than by assembling a most talented and appreciative all-star cast (Percy and Jimmy Heath, Philly Joe Jones, Blue Mitchell, Frank Foster) for a most intriguing album. (RLP 381; Stereo 9381)

The Trio (Gaylord, Norris and Bean)

Three really swinging young musicians determine to stick together, come what may, and to build a real jazz rarity—a truly unified, flowing-together group. We heard them once and agreed this new bass-piano-guitar unit really has something—and that it's something you'll want to be hearing again *and again*. (RLP 380; Stereo 9380)

Dick Morgan: Settlin' In

It almost always takes time for a young artist to "settle in"—to gain full self-confidence, to gradually build a responsive audience, to find his best groove. This fluent and earthy young pianist has been growing for some time now; this is his third album, his "settlin' in" album, and one that sounds as if he has really hit full stride. (RLP 383; Stereo 9383)



RIVERSIDE RECORDS

roots approach so ubiquitous now. Thoroughly grounded in the modern tradition but never a slave to any one style, Crabtree also shows that iconoclasm is not a prerequisite to creativity.

As an incidental, the notes do not say if Monk is playing a regular or an electric bass, and I doubt that most listeners will be able to tell with certainty which is the case. I couldn't. (F.K.)

Joe Newman

GOOD 'N' GROOVY—Prestige/Swingville 2019; A. M. Romp; L'il Darlin'; Mo-Lasses; To Rigmor; Just Squeeze Me; Loop-D-Loop.

Personnel: Newman, trumpet; Frank Foster, tenor saxophone; Tommy Flanagan, piano; Eddie Jones, bass; Billy English, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

The potential of a two-horn front line has rarely been explored as brilliantly as it is by Newman and Foster in this set.

From an unusually slow and deliberate treatment of 'Darlin'', which is warmly tender without ever becoming in the least bit soft, and a lovely, lyrical tribute by Newman to his wife, 'To Rigmor', in which his lines are simple, clean, and almost transparently pure, the two horns work their way up to some ensemble passages on 'A. M. Romp' and 'Mo-Lasses' that are splendid demonstrations of electrifying shouting.

More than ever, one is made conscious of the waste of Newman's talents during his years with Count Basie and of the similar waste that is still going on in Foster's case. Both of them play here with more imagination and vitality than is normally found in a month's supply of jazz LPs. (J.S.W.)

George Russell

EZZ-THETIC—Riverside 375; Ezz-thetic; Nar-dis; Lydiot; Thoughts; Honesty; Round Midnight. Personnel: Russell, piano; Eric Dolphy, alto saxophone, bass clarinet; Don Ellis, trumpet; Dave Baker, trombone; Stephen Swallow, bass; Joe Hunt drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ½

Perhaps the most demanding, and not the least interesting, aspect of writing the sort of firing-line criticism you read in these pages is that of evaluating works that attempt to penetrate beyond the accepted boundaries of the jazz art. To do his job adequately, the reviewer must form an evaluation of all such "new musics," although existing standards, insofar as they are at all applicable, are at best imperfect guides.

Yet the more things seem to change, the more they remain the same. While standards in art undoubtedly evolve, the values on which they are based ordinarily tend to be lasting. Thus, in retrospect, it is easy to perceive that Charlie Parker and Thelonious Monk did not negate the values of melodicness and swing in jazz; they simply redefined them to suit their own needs. The problem with Parker and Monk, as with any innovating artist, was to see their relation to traditional values at the same time that they were establishing new standards of performance.

I think that these considerations may help us maintain a rational perspective as we become increasingly confronted by manifestations of the new wave: in the cinema, in the theater, even in world politics. And, of course, in jazz. For it can no longer be doubted that, whether

or not we approve of all of the development, the music of Ornette Coleman, Cecil Taylor, George Russell, and their fellows does consist of a new wave. Nor can it be mere coincidence that these waves in culture are occurring at the same time that heretofore colonial states, as well as the U. S. Negroes, are proudly undertaking the assertion of their independence.

Basically, I feel that all this experimentation is a healthy sign, following as it does a period of apathy and conformity. What must be specified, however, is that experimentation in and of itself is not sufficient. Implicitly we should demand that techniques be more than new, that they provide us with some intellectual and/or emotional sensation their predecessors could not have done.

This, to my mind, is where the new wave in jazz has been least successful. I think that I approach the works of the men involved with as much good will as the next, but theirs are not the records I find myself playing and replaying. While most are, like this one, certainly of more than passing interest, I cannot recall any that disturbed me the way, say Samuel Beckett's *End Game* — or *Shadows or Breathless* or *Ballad of a Soldier*, for that matter — did.

This, of course, can be only a tentative and not a final appraisal. But for me and for now, it must stand. (To it should be added that records frequently fail to tell the whole story. Ornette Coleman at Monterey last year was vastly more exciting

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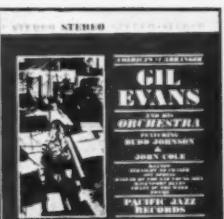
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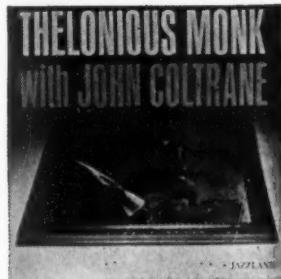
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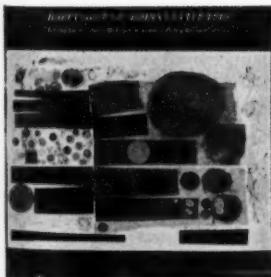
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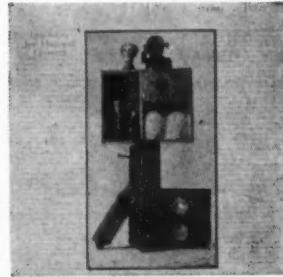
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After you have listened to this LP in its entirety you may look back in surprise, as I did, at the variety of moods and dynamic shadings achieved over such a long course by a group consisting simply of guitar, bass and drums. Charlie Christian was never confronted with this challenge; Barney Kessel is among the few ever to have achieved comparable results with this instrumentation. But the concentration of the spotlight on Grant Green for long stretches, with a background that never interrupts the amazing flow of his ideas, was a concept suited to a major artist, and I don't expect anyone to contest his right to be considered just that. Though there are many paths for the pursuer of new jazz talent to follow nowadays, it is unlikely that he will find a better-paved or more eventful road to travel than *Green Street*.

—LEONARD FEATHER

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than his recent LP would lead one to believe he can be.)

Of the new-wave musicians, Russell is probably more of a reformer than a revolutionary. His attack on tonality is flanking, not frontal, and he uses the rhythm section in accepted fashion.

One sees his approach most clearly in the arrangement of Miles Davis' "oriental" ballad *Nardis*, in which periods of tension (pan-tonality) alternate with periods of resolution. But it is done so subtly that one perceives these blurrings of tonality gradually, almost subliminally. As a result, it is the piece as a unit that moves the listener. To write an atonal or multitonal composition that will produce an "effect" on the listener is not difficult; to write one in which tonal considerations remain subservient to the mood of the piece is considerably more demanding. It is this road that Russell, to his credit, has chosen.

Whether or not it continues to be the case, it has, until now, been that new movements in jazz are the work of one, or at most a few, blowing musicians. Although all the soloists here are interesting, I must honestly say I was not led to conclude that, either individually or en masse, they are going to lead their fellows in overthrowing the Establishment (another tentative opinion that may have to be revised).

Russell might well be the most compelling voice in his group, but he seems reluctant to take the spotlight, limiting himself to a single, very Monkish excursion on *Lydiot*. I hope that he will be less modest on future LPs. After all, there are not that many Coltrane-influenced pianists.

Dolphy is the most flamboyant soloist, yet somehow I remain unconvinced by what he is doing. His work seems an unlikely pastiche of too many other currently fashionable saxophonists; for the most part, I get the impression of an angry young Cannonball.

Less spectacular than Dolphy, Ellis is scarcely more conventional but brings off what he is doing with a greater suavity. His style retains a sense of humor—impishly so on Baker's blues *Honesty*—while yet going to the far reaches of conventional tonality. Of the three horns, I think it is Ellis who has the most definite idea of where he is going.

Baker's contribution I found adequate, but I am led to wonder if the trombone really is capable of dealing with this type of jazz. The question is prompted not only by the speeds involved—for example, that of the title track—but also by the wide intervals and deviations from pitch that seem to be part and parcel of this music.

By the way, the introduction to *'Round Midnight* is not, as annotator Martin Williams states, "a kind of instrumental imitation of electronic sounds." Or so it seems to me. Rather, it is just what the title might indicate—a ghostly evocation of the witching hour, complete with ghoulish graveyard moans. In fact, the only thing lacking was Philly Joe Jones for the Dracula impressions. (F.K.)



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Bud Shank

NEW GROOVE: Pacific Jazz 21: *New Groove; The Awakening; White Lightnin'; Sultry Serenade; Well, You Needn't; Liddedablduya.*
Personnel: Shank, baritone, alto saxophones; Carmell Jones, trumpet; Dennis Budimir, guitar; Gary Peacock, bass; Mel Lewis, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ½

The groove ain't new, at least not if you know what's been going on in New York City for the last six years. The title piece, for instance, sounds almost as if it were made up of ideas Kenny Dorham decided not to use. Shank himself has put several new things into his Pepper mill, including a couple of cannon balls. He is surely a fine saxophonist, but I think his style as an improviser is still not really his own.

A pretty derivative set, then.

Trumpeter Jones and guitarist Budimir (the latter in sometimes shyly hesitant and perhaps nervous solos) still owe a great deal to their models, too, but they are both still young enough for such indebtedness to be the soundest way of learning.

Peacock lays down some tonally monotonous bass lines on the slower pieces — perhaps the fact that there was no piano made him play conservatively — but his piece *Liddedablduya*, made up of a hair-oil commercial and some old mop-mop figures, is very well done.

Several solos on *Needn't* are a tribute to Thelonious Monk as a composer; the bridge throws nearly everyone. Running those changes won't do. You have to understand the line, how it fits the piece, and how it and the chords go together. Shank is easily exempt here; he handles that portion twice with creditable insight. (M.W.)

Three Sounds

FEELIN' GOOD—Blue Note 4072: *When I Fall in Love; Parker's Pad; Blues After Dark; I Got It Bad, and That Ain't Good; Straight, No Chaser; I Let a Song Go out of My Heart; It Could Happen to You; Two Bass Hit.*

Personnel: Gene Harris, piano; Andrew Simpkins; bass; Bill Dowdy, drums.

Rating: ★ ★

This latest effort by the Three Sounds is another pleasant—but essentially lightweight (and dull)—collection of quiet, reflective mood jazz that makes little demands upon the listener. Of course, it in turn gives little, too. (But that's the nature of mood music, isn't it?)

It is nice, unobtrusive, genteel music, played with extraordinary delicacy and "taste," so much so that one is almost anaesthetized, and with a fine group interaction. But over the length of the entire two sides not a single thing happens that isn't predictable to a note several bars before.

Though the three play with commendable unity, there is no readily identifiable character to any of their work. The chief reason is that the dominant voice here, pianist Harris, offers a series of glib, superficial pastiches of the various current pianistic influences: his greatly mannered playing is a grabbag of watered-down Red Garland, Wynton Kelly, Ahmad Jamal, et al.

Actually, the truly pathetic thing is that this epicene music is incapable of prompting any sort of response in the listener, save tedium. You can't even become incensed. The disc might be characterized as three men in search of perfect blandness. They are very successful. (P.W.)

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OLD WINE NEW BOTTLES



Fletcher Henderson

A STUDY IN FRUSTRATION — THE FLETCHER HENDERSON STORY — Columbia CAL 19; *Dirty Blues; Teapot Dome Blues; Go Long Mule; Shanghai Shuffle; Copenhagen; Everybody Loves My Baby; How Come You Do Me Like You Do?; Alabama Shuffle; Sugarfoot Stomp; Whatcha-ma-call-em Blues; T.N.T.; The Stampede; Jackass Blues; Henderson Stomp; The Chant; Snug It; Rocky Mountain Blues; Tozo; St. Louis Shuffle; Whiteman Stomp; I'm Coming Virginia; Variety Stomp; St. Louis Blues; Goose Pimples; Hop Off; King Porter Stomp; D Natural Blues; Oh, Baby; Feeling Good; I'm Feeling Devilish; Old Black Joe Blues; Easy Money; Come on, Baby; Freeze an' Melt; Raisin' the Roof; Blazin'; Wang Wang Blues; Chinatown; Somebody Loves Me; Keep a Song in Your Soul; Sweet and Hot; My Gal Sal; Sugarfoot Stomp; Clarinet Marmalade; Hot and Anxious; Comin' and Goin'; Singin' the Blues; Sugar; Blue Moments; New King Porter Stomp; Underneath the Harlem Moon; Honeysuckle Rose; Yeah, Man; Queer Notions; Can You Take It?; King Porter Stomp; Christopher Columbus; Stealin' Apples; Blue Lou; Rhythm of the Tambourine; Back in Your Own Back Yard; Chris and His Gang; Sing, You Sinners; Moten Stomp.*

Partial personnel: Red Allen, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, Joe Smith, Tommy Ladnier, Benny Stark, Rex Stewart, Cootie Williams, Emmett Berry, trumpets; Charlie Green, Jimmy Harrison, J. C. Higginbotham, Sandy Williams, Claude Jones, Benno Morton, trombones; Buster Bailey, Coleman Hawkins, Benny Carter, Don Redman, Eddie Barefield, Chu Berry, Jerry Blake, Hilton Jefferson, Russell Procope, Edgar Sampson, Ben Webster, reeds; Fletcher Henderson, Horace Henderson, Fats Waller, piano; Waller, organ; Pete Suggs, June Coles, John Kirby, Israel Crosby, tuba or bass; Bernard Addison, Lawrence Lucie, guitar; Kaiser Marshall, Sid Catlett, drums.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★

This four-disc set covering Henderson's bands from 1923 to 1938 (except for the 1934 band, which recorded for Decca) is subtitled *A study in Frustration*. The reference, of course, is to the way in which recognition constantly bypassed the man who, with arranger Don Redman, created the big jazz band and whose arranging style formed the basis for Benny Goodman's success and for almost every band that played during the swing era.

That frustration extended long after Henderson's death in 1952, because, while most other major bands of the big-band era have been anthologized to some extent on LP, Henderson, until now, has been almost completely overlooked (Decca and "X" once issued 10-inch LP collections that have long been unavailable; the only current LP representation of Henderson is on one side of *The Birth of Big Band Jazz*, Riverside 12-129).

Now, however, John Hammond, who helped Henderson get recording dates in the dark days of 1932 and who brought Henderson and Goodman together, has dug out of Columbia's vaults a superb collection of Henderson sides that trace the band from its early days at the Club Alabam through the pattern-setting Louis Armstrong period; its heights of glory in 1927 and 1928; the hard days of the early 1930s, when Henderson was still able to

keep a superb group of sidemen even though the band worked very irregularly, right down to the post-Goodman band.

Once Armstrong had brought the first vibrant jazz voice to this band in 1924, it glittered with an amazing succession of brilliant soloists, many of whom did their finest work with Henderson.

Rex Stewart and Tommy Ladnier fairly burst out of the ensembles with brassy confidence, Joe Smith's horn sings with crisp authority, and Bobby Stark, one of the practically forgotten men of the Henderson band, shows himself to be the equal of the other great Henderson trumpeters.

The trombones surge with lusty vitality — Charlie Green and Jimmy Harrison at the peak of their powers and Benny Morton and J. C. Higginbotham bristling with youthful cockiness.

And all through the first 11 years of the band there is the amazing Coleman Hawkins, at first trying to play hot by slap-tonguing (in 1923) but by 1926 shaping the vividly leaping, stabbing style that made an honest jazz instrument of the tenor saxophone.

There is a tremendous amount of jazz history wrapped up in this set. There are also some of the most exciting big-band sides ever recorded.

Frank Driggs has written an excellent, detailed, and revealing essay as program annotation. Full personnels, dates of recording, original issue and order of solos are given for every selection.

Despite a few sloppy tape transfers, this is an essential set for any jazz library.

(J.S.W.)

VOCAL



King Curtis

TROUBLE IN MIND—Tru-Sound TRU-15001; *Trouble in Mind; Jivin' Time; Nobody Wants You When You're Down and Out; Bad, Bad Whisky; I Have to Worry; Wake Up This Morning; But That's All Right; Ain't Nobody's Business; Don't Deceive Me; Deep Fry.* Personnel: Curtis, vocals, alto saxophone; guitar; Al Casey, guitar; Mac Pierce, guitar; Paul Griffin, piano; Jimmy Lewis, bass; Belton Evans, drums. Tracks 5, 7, 9—Margaret Ross, Ethel McCreary, Dorothy Jones, vocals.

Rating: ★ ½

This is quite a surprising album. Curtis, the slashingly urgent saxophonist who has appeared as a leader and sideman on a number of Prestige sessions, makes a most impressive debut as a blues singer on that

company's Tru-Sound. I support be too good born Curt in his integral p all, incidental professional playing, a style n King and

Curtis' dry quality much the numbers in Morning, those most distinctive of these p Raylette-p adds to the

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The on come a "Straight the arrival

company's newly initiated popular label, Tru-Sound.

I suppose, however, that we should not be too greatly surprised, for the Texas-born Curtis always has preached the blues in his playing; its feeling has been an integral part of his instrumental approach all along. It is pointed out in the notes, incidentally, that Curtis has been singing professionally as long as he has been playing, and in that time he has developed a style midway between those of B. B. King and Ray Charles.

Curtis' voice has much the same hoarse, dry quality as Charles' and he phrases in much the same way. The most satisfying numbers in the collection — *Worry*, *This Morning*, *All Right*, and *Deceive*—are those most overtly modeled on Charles' distinctive Gospel-flavored style. On three of these pieces he also has the support of a Raylette-patterned vocal trio, which further

adds to this feeling.

The two older numbers—Richard Jones' *Trouble* and Bessie Smith's old vehicle, *Nobody Wants You*—along with Amos Milburn's *Whisky* are the least convincing, for Curtis is unable to get his teeth into those

His allegiance is apparently to the more modern urban blues style, as his obvious indebtedness to King and Charles, the two leading exponents of the style, might indicate. He fairly roars through the numbers in this style. The supporting group furnishes strong and appropriately down-home backing, and there's a chance to stretch

backing, and they get a chance to stretch out on the instrumental *Deep Fry*.

Simple, uncomplicated city blues are what we have served up here. But from an unexpected quarter. (P.W.)

Abbey Lincoln

STRAIGHT AHEAD—Candid 8015; *Straight Ahead; When Malindy Sings; In the Red; Blue Monk; Left Alone; African Lady; Retribution.*

Personnel: Miss Lincoln, vocals; Max Roach, drums; Coleman Hawkins or Walter Benton, tenor saxophone; Eric Dolphy, reeds; Mal Waldron, piano; Booker Little, trumpet; Julian Priester, trombone; Art Davis, bass. Roger Sanders, Robert Whitley, conga drums, on track 6.

Rating: ★ ★

It is usually beyond the reviewer's province to discuss anything but the music, but here the sociological aspects are too interwoven with the material to be ignored.

I dislike propaganda in art when it is a device. Billie Holiday's *Strange Fruit* had a social message, but it was art first. It was a song that echoed the particular time in which it was done, but it was poetry of a lasting nature, too. *Straight Ahead*, the title song, fits the '60s, true, and I am in agreement with its sentiments—but its validity does not make it good art.

Miss Lincoln has emotional power, but her over-all mannered approach becomes wearing in the end. She has dropped her supper-club attitudes but has merely replaced them with a set from a different bag. The notes state that part of her liberation as a singer "has come from a renewed and urgent pride in herself as

The only trouble is that she has become a "professional Negro."

Straight Ahead is about the slowness in the arrival of equal rights for the Negro.

Although *In the Red* is about the trials of poverty, you get an impression that it is only about Negro poverty. When referring to Miss Holiday's *Left Alone*, Miss Lincoln is quoted in the notes as saying, "In a way, all these tunes are about Billie . . . they're about all of us." The latter statement was made, the notes say, as she looked around the studio.

All the musicians on the date are Negro. Therefore, the "all of us" seems to exclude whites. The irony here is that the main audience for her segregated singing will most probably be white, as the greater part of the general jazz audience is white.

I don't say that Miss Lincoln is not

sincere in her racial attitude, but I do think she is misguided and naive. For instance, according to the notes, she is president of the Cultural Association for Women of African Heritage and attends other meetings to hear African nationalists speak. She is involved in African nationalism without realizing that the African Negro doesn't give a fig for the American Negro, especially if they are not blackly authentic. I would advise her to read *A Reporter at Large* in the May 13, 1961, issue of the *New Yorker* or talk to an American Negro jazzman of my acquaintance who felt a strong draft on meeting African Negroes in Paris. Pride in one's



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VOTE VOTE VOTE

THE BLINDFOLD TEST

heritage is one thing, but we don't need the Elijah Muhammed type of thinking in jazz.

Apart from the conscious racial angle, the quality of her singing is not consistent or is her material, and this is the most important consideration in evaluating her work. Her bad intonation could be excused if it led toward the achievement of something positive.

On *African Lady*, Miss Lincoln is particularly out of tune, and it is almost a blessing that the ensemble is sort of loud. *Retribution* contains a banal set of lyrics topped by a seemingly endless repetition of the "let the retribution match the contribution" line.

The reference I made to Billie Holiday was not accidental. Miss Lincoln has adopted some of Miss Holiday's mannerisms, and on her they don't sound quite the same. The effect is caricature. There are a few on *Blue Monk*, but there they do not annoy. Working with Thelonious Monk's blues, Miss Lincoln has fashioned a convincing set of lyrics and, with a minimum of flat notes, gives her best performance of the set. Even her coined term "monkery" ("the act of self-searching like a monk does") is more than merely clever. Her wordless improvisation at the end is extremely moving.

Hawkins has several powerful solos, the best of which are on *Left Alone* and *Monk*, but even he falls before the unmusical *In the Red*.

Little's sweet-toned, inventive trumpet is heard to advantage on *Malindy*, an Oscar Brown Jr. melody to a poem by Paul Laurence Dunbar that finds Miss Lincoln really capturing the lusty, exuberant feel of whole composition.

Outside of *Monk* and *Malindy*, this set is subpar. Waldron's melodies on *Ahead* and *Alone* are worthy of better treatment, however.

Now that Abbey Lincoln has found herself as a Negro, I hope she can find herself as a militant but less one-sided American Negro. It could help her performance. (I.G.)

Sarah Vaughan

MY HEART SINGS—Mercury MG 20617: *Never in a Million Years; My Ideal; (All of a Sudden) My Heart Sings; Through a Long and Sleepless Night; Please; Slow Down; The House I Live In; Our Waltz; Some Other Spring; Eternally; Maybe It's Because (I Love You Too Much); Through the Years.*

Personnel: Miss Vaughan, vocals; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★ ★

Dinah Washington

SEPTEMBER IN THE RAIN—Mercury MG 20638: *September in the Rain; Without a Song; This Heart of Mine; As Long as I'm in Your Arms; With a Song in My Heart; Softly; I Can't Believe That You're in Love with Me; I Was Telling Him about You; I've Got My Love to Keep Me Warm; I'll Never Kiss You Goodbye; I'll Come Back for More.*

Personnel: Miss Washington, vocals; orchestra unidentified.

Rating: ★ ★

These sets have something in common that virtually dictates a review together—an overwhelming similarity of presentation, an assembly-line stamp that relegates the orchestral accompaniment to anonymity, and an over-all aura of cheapness.

This cheapness, let it hastily be added, fortunately does not rub off on the singing

of the Misses Vaughan and Washington; they are artists of such caliber that this is all but impossible. But danger lurks for such singers of quality when the only additional creative credit listed on the liner is that of the recording director. There is the danger of infectious mediocrity. Certainly the arrangements on both albums are quite mediocre, devoid of freshness and individuality; it is merely routine scoring for strings and syrupy voices of a faceless choir. There is, however, a wealth of technical data headed "Hi-Fi Information" concerning such vital intelligence as the type of microphones used in the studio.

The Vaughan album might very well have been subtitled, *Through the Years*, for all but Oscar Peterson's *Slow Down* belong in Memory Lanesville.

They're all good songs, and the opening track, *Never in a Million Years*, belts this sloppy old sentimental right in the chops, evoking visions of dewy-eyed Alice Faye in the dear, dead days of Radio, Ben Bernie, and Jack Haley. Oh, dear . . . (Anyway, it's a splendid song.)

What can one add about Miss Vaughan? She's a livin', breathin' gas, and she sings all selections marvellously. Moreover, she avoids indulging her one weakness, that sometimes pseudo-coyness that has marred many of her performances. She does the songs full justice.

There come those treacly choral voices again on Miss Washington's set. The strings, too, strive to drag her efforts, and for much of the set, they succeed. She is less vibrant, much less electric, and not at all dynamic.

Here and there hints of the familiar, block-bustin' Queen D emerge, but, alas, there is all too much of such foolishness as is found in the final measures of *With a Song in My Heart*. Conversely, though, she comes through well on Joe Greene's and Eddie Beal's *Softly*, communicating some of the old Dinah.

Well, one can but comment on the sadness and the waste of it all; especially in Miss Washington's case. Obviously, it can't go on indefinitely. Sooner or later the pre-fabricated inferiority and studied lack of creativity with which these fine artists are now surrounded will exact their toll. And that will be just too bad. (J.A.T.)

Robert Pete Williams

FREE AGAIN—Prestige/Bluesville 1026: *Free Again; Almost Dead Blues; Rolling Stone; Two Wings; A Thousand Miles from Nowhere; Thumbing a Ride; I've Grown so Ugly; Death Blues; Hobo Worried Blues; Hay Cutting Song.*

Personnel: Williams, vocals, guitar.

Rating: ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Williams, the lifer discovered by folklorist Harry Oster during his field recording at the Louisiana State Prison at Angola, is a stunningly individual blues artist playing and singing in a crude, forceful harmonic approach that has to be described as primitive. Oster accurately describes Williams' style in his excellent liner notes:

"Williams, who has never appeared before white audiences and has never traveled outside of central Louisiana, performs in the style of the early country blues—that is, with conversational freedom and spontaneity, with only fleeting adherence

to a 12-bar form, and a guitar technique that shows little regard for European harmony. Instead, the guitar is a second voice weaving contrapuntally around the singer's raw shouts and moans; the bass notes are usually drones; that is, they remain constant whatever the pitch of the treble strings . . ."

Williams sings in a dark, throaty voice, communicating a sense of brooding anguish and despair that is picked up and amplified by the raw, stinging urgency of his jagged guitar accompaniments. These are in particular worthy of close attention—they are among the finest, most perfectly conceived and executed blues accompaniments I have heard on record.

Properly speaking, Williams' accompaniments do not fall into a definite "style" (though they are immediately recognizable as his). Each one is different from the other and is perfectly wedded to the message of the particular song it supports. So perfectly do the two dovetail, each reinforcing the other, that they must be conceived as an entity.

Each of the five selections is a starkly powerful blues of striking originality in conception and impassioned execution. Especially stunning in its immediacy and raw intensity is the recitative *Death Blues*, a performance surpassed only by his treatment of a similar theme, *Prisoner's Talking Blues*, in his earlier Folk-Lyric collection, *Angola Prisoner's Blues*.

So important is this album as a documentary collection of pure archaic country blues styles that one might legitimately excuse it from criticisms on purely musical grounds. But, then, this is not in the least necessary—these forceful and totally alive performances will appeal to anyone possessing humanity and a pair of ears.

As a result of Oster's intercession and his appeals to Louisiana's governor, Williams was released on parole—though serving a life sentence for murder—in December, 1959.

Oster remarks, "Like Leadbelly, another alumnus of Angola, Robert Pete had sung his way to freedom; unfortunately the freedom was more restricted. He was released on seven-year parole to a farmer near Denham Springs, La., where he spends some 80 or 90 hours a week taking care of pigs, goats, cows, and horses; planting and sowing; cleaning the grounds, washing dishes, etc., for \$75 a month and room and board. He says quite accurately, 'I'm still not free.'

"Last spring (1960), after several major national periodicals had been enthusiastic about his singing, the producers of the Newport Folk and the Newport Jazz Festival invited him to appear on their stage. The big time called, but unfortunately the parole authorities refused to let Robert Pete out of the state. . . ."

"In the best country tradition, singing the blues is to him not an attempt to produce a hit, but a natural means of expressing his personal agonies."

That pretty well sums it up. (P.W.)

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TEST



ANDRE PREVIN

THE BLINDFOLD PART TWO



The Records

1. Ornette Coleman. *Focus on Sanity* (from *The Shape of Jazz to Come*, Atlantic). Coleman, alto saxophone.

Of course, it's Rudy Wiedhoff, right? Well, I'll tell you, I have never heard Ornette in a club. I understand strange and wonderful things happen that don't happen on a record. So much has been said about Ornette by so many different critics that he has been built into something so untouchable that everyone walks around on tiptoes, excusing their opinions by all kinds of qualifications, which are then taken back in the privacy of a living room.

Since there is no particular need for me to ingratiate myself with the quorum of people who dig this, I may as well be totally blunt.

Basing it on this record, which I've never heard before, and allowing for the fact that I've never heard a whole evening of Ornette, the worst thing I can say about it is not that I hate it or that I think it's pretentious or anything, but the one thing that nobody has said about Ornette—and that is that it is an unmitigated bore! This has nothing to do with adventurous or nonadventurous, new paths or new frontiers; it's just a terrible bore.

If someone is bent on broadening that which has come before . . . developing upon precedents, then I'm for it, but turning your back on any tradition is anarchy. It's one thing to develop time and get it away from 4/4; it's another to broaden the field of abstract improvisation and not worry about changes. But just to turn your back on them is no excuse. It's a private world which literally no one can enter.

If any art form—and I'm not restricting this to music—has to be explained before and after—with all these learned articles about what he is going to prove and what he just proved—I'm damned if I can hear it while the music's being played.

I am as vituperative about this as you can possibly get. . . . This whole thing with Ornette, which started out as a fascinating experiment, has been built into something it is not, and Ornette himself has begun in interviews to intellectualize to an extent it simply can't take.

His personality is not such that could warrant his being called a fake. I understand Ornette is deeply serious about this, and perhaps in his own mind, he knows the goal he's after. In terms of communicating, he is a million miles from achieving that goal.

I'm not suggesting he try to reach the masses. I can't imagine there are more than a handful of people, who are afraid of missing the boat as they did on Bird, who really seriously dig this. If there are, I am happy to be an outsider and to be labeled backward and old-fashioned.

Musicologically, I see nothing in it. Possibly, if the lines were played more cleanly, I might get a little out of it, but I think it's giving this too much credit even to analyze it as long as I have. It's a bore, self-indulgence, and utter nonsense.

2. Ahmad Jamal. *It's a Wonderful World* (from *Listen to the Ahmad Jamal Quintet*, Argo). Jamal, piano; Israel Crosby, bass; Joe Kennedy, violin.

Undeniably a pleasant record. Nowadays, with millions of LPs a day, it has to be a little more extraordinary for me to get excited. I haven't the faintest idea

By LEONARD FEATHER

First a postscript to André Previn's comments in the last issue regarding Third Stream music:

"It's fine to try to broaden the scope of jazz writing and improvisation, to create innovations metrically and harmonically. For instance, George Russell's *All About Rosie*, in the Brandeis University *Modern Jazz Concert* on Columbia, is superb; and Bill Evans, galvanized by the piece, plays the damnedest piano solo I ever heard him play.

"But from my own point of view, nine out of ten Duke Ellington things are more interesting, more experimental, more genuine, more related to jazz, and musically more valid than the total work of all those boys who conduct those strange experiments.

"Since I get such mixed reviews from jazz magazines this may sound like sour grapes, but it strikes me that the pomposity in a lot of jazz playing, and in the talking and writing about it, is fantastic. I doubt whether Hindemith, lecturing at Harvard, ever tried to get as involved.

"Everybody is too careful to make sure the audience knows this is something new. If you go to see *Wozzeck*, nobody points out the [tone] rows to you in the score: you either like it or you don't. In the final analysis the proof is still in the playing and listening. If it doesn't come off, it just doesn't, no matter how complicated it is or how much it's explained."

who it was. The pianist—this sounds funny coming from me—sounds like a medley of 12 guys. The bass player has wonderful intonation, good time. The fiddle sounds like Stuff Smith. I liked that. Don't know whether Stuff is recording right now.

The number was competently played—every solo pleasant. Although there is no way of putting this down, there is certainly nothing that would send me screaming to the record store. Three stars.

3. George Russell. *Waltz from Outer Space* (from *Jazz in the Space Age*, Decca). Russell, composer and conductor.

Is that George Russell? I have heard better things by him, but over-all, he is by far the most interesting of all the guys attempting this kind of writing.

I found this fascinating. It's controlled and organized, and it really has something new to say within the realm of jazz. I have never studied that modal conception of his. . . . That again is a label I don't think it needs. Contrary to the others you've played, here you don't have to have anything explained or pointed out. This is an attractive piece, very well played and orchestrated.

I have never had the pleasure of meeting George Russell, but I admire him greatly. Five stars.

Afterthoughts by Previn

I feel a little guilty about having knocked so many things. There's an anecdote about Brahms. He had spent a particularly vituperative evening at a party—he was kind of the 19th century Oscar Levant, conversationally—and upon leaving, he said, "If there is anyone I have neglected to insult, I apologize." (dj)

AFTERHOURS

(Continued from page 22)

do not have diversity but conformity. Everybody eventually gives up and does the same kind of thing. That can't happen in jazz.

Ellis: It seems sort of dangerous to say it couldn't happen. Because, no matter how different we feel and how many different styles of playing there are, there are very few clubs around the country. You may have the greatest thing in the world, but, if no one wants to pay to hear it, and if, as is happening, everybody wants to hear the same thing, the same 18 groups over and over again—if this economic factor continues, it could happen as it did to the gypsies with everyone having to play the same way. Because you have to have an audience.

Overton: I have to disagree with that. If we're going to treat jazz as an art, we have to treat it first of all as an expression that comes from some kind of inner compulsion.

By bringing up economic factors, and I agree they're important, I think you cloud the issue. Somehow or other jazz has always had this problem. There have always been some people who have been popular, who have caught on and become fads. It becomes *the* thing, *the* music, as George puts it. Then all the other things are supposed to die off because they didn't sell. But they don't, because art is not made because it's going to make a million dollars. If it was made for that reason, that would be right. It would and should die off if it wasn't being sold.

Brookmeyer: People ought to pay to watch you be smart. They never have. Any kind of new development that begins is usually done first in private, within a few minds, with a few friends. But, then, if it has any worth, it will probably catch on.

Ellis: I didn't say this was happening. I just said to say it couldn't happen was a mistake.

Brookmeyer: That's a negative attitude.

Terry: Anyway, there are people coming along behind us who are dedicated to not letting it happen.

Brookmeyer: It's a loaded question, and something you can't possibly answer, like where is jazz going. You can talk about it forever without getting anywhere. It's a matter of endless conjecture, like what will the world be like in five years. I think you spoil it all a little, too, by being so concerned. What do you suppose would happen if, every time you took your old lady into your arms, you asked her, will you love me five years from now?

What the artists say about the

Vernel Fournier is the name of the talented pace-setter of the Ahmad Jamal Trio—and one of the fastest rising stylists appearing on the polls today. Born in New Orleans, Vernel studied under Sidney Montague and, before his present stint, played with Johnny Pate, Gene Ammons and Norman Simmons, among others. While Roach, Blakely and Rich influenced his later style, it remains refreshingly new—and all his own.

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What the artists say about the



Dizzy Gillespie recently said, "It is hard to believe Charlie Christian is gone. His music will be here forever, he left a heritage, he helped set the rules, and is still with us, like Lester Young and Charlie Parker."

Guitarist Christian was born in 1919 in Dallas, Texas, and died on March 2, 1942, in a Staten Island sanitarium. He was a pioneer of modern jazz and a motivating force at the after-hours jam sessions in 1940-41 held in Minton's Playhouse and Clark Monroe's Uptown House in New York City. For almost two years he was a featured soloist with the Benny Goodman Band and Sextet.

Christian was brought up in Oklahoma City, and as a boy of 12 he wanted to play a tenor saxophone. One of his closest boyhood chums was Henry (Hank) Bridges, the tenor saxophonist who later played with Harlan Leonard and Julia Lee in Kansas City, Mo.

Christian's father chose to teach his son the guitar, and in the first band he played with, Alphonso Trent's orchestra, the future guitar ace played string bass.

He never lost his fascination for the tenor sax. Once when guitarist Mary Osborne was drawn into a Bismarck, N. D., cabaret by the sound of a jazz solo, she said she thought it was a tenor being played through a microphone. It was 18-year-old Charlie Christian playing amplified guitar.

There is a story, possibly a myth, about what happened when Christian auditioned for Benny Goodman at the insistence of John Hammond in July, 1939.

Hammond staked the guitarist to a round trip to California to try out. When Hammond brought him to a band rehearsal, Goodman was not even mildly interested, especially after he had a good look at the shy guitarist in his rural Oklahoma attire. He finally gave the signal for Christian to sit in and roamed away to another end of the hall. The story has it that he came rushing back to the bandstand to grab his clarinet.

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net and play with the guitarist the rest of the afternoon.

Charlie Christian had evolved a definite idea of what he wanted to do with the guitar by the time he went to join Goodman in September, 1939. In a December, 1939, issue of *Down Beat* there was a by-lined article by him. The opening paragraph read, "Guitar players have long needed a champion, someone to explain to the world that a guitarist is something more than a robot plunking on a gadget to keep the rhythm going. For all most bandleaders get out of them, guitarists might just as well be scratching washboards with sewing thimbles."

When Christian joined Goodman, the ballots for the 1939 *Down Beat* Readers Poll already were appearing in the magazine. In less than three months time on the scene, he walked away with first place in the guitar category for 1939, a year during which he spent most of the time in obscurity around Oklahoma. He had sold the jazz world on the electrically amplified guitar.

In July, 1941, Christian was rushed to Bellevue Hospital in New York City with serious lung trouble that proved to be a fatal case of tuberculosis. But in the preceding 22 months, Christian had illustrated what could be done with an instrument theretofore usually limited to playing rhythm.

His single-string solo technique became a model for all the jazz guitarists who followed him. He played tastefully

in a simple manner. His long melodic lines consisted of phrases so put together that they kept the rhythm flowing without a break. Besides his original solo improvisations, he could assume the role of a horn in three-part voicings with a trumpet or saxophone.

He was an important innovator at Minton's, one birthplace of modern jazz in the Hotel Cecil on W. 118th St. in Harlem, where his long solos were sometimes highly experimental in the use of altered chords and fresh melodic lines.

Drummer Kenny Clarke is quoted in Leonard Feather's *Inside Bebop* as crediting Christian with the origin of the word *bebop*. Clarke stated that Dizzy Gillespie and Christian sang the phrase, but it was more often heard from Christian, as he was playing.

Christian's improvisations resulted in several original tunes of interest. Included are *Charlie's Choice*, his own version of Edward Grieg's *In the Hall of the Mountain King*; *Chunk, Charlie Chunk*, which was later arranged by Jimmy Mundy for the Goodman orchestra as *Solo Flight* featuring Christian; *Seven Come Eleven*, arranged by Fletcher Henderson for the Goodman sextet; *Paging Dr. Christian*, the first four bars of which were later used in *Keen and Peachy* (built on the chords of *Fine and Dandy*), according to Clarke.

The accompanying Christian discography is not complete, the purpose being only to list the sides on which the guitarist is heard to best advantage.

CHARLIE CHRISTIAN ON RECORDS

New York City, Sept. 11, 1939
Lionel Hampton Orchestra — Dizzy Gillespie, trumpet; Benny Carter, alto saxophone; Coleman Hawkins, Ben Webster, Chu Berry, tenor saxophones; Clyde Hart, piano; Christian, guitar; Milt Hinton, bass; Cozy Cole, drums; Hampton, vibraphone.

ONE SWEET LETTER FROM

You (41407) ... RCA Victor 26393,
V-Disc 360, RCA LP LJM 1000

New York City, Oct. 2, 1939
Benny Goodman Sextet — Goodman, clarinet; Hampton, vibraphone; Fletcher Henderson, piano; Christian, guitar; Artie Bernstein, bass; Nick Fatool, drums.

FLYING HOME (WCO 26132) ... Columbia 35254, 36721
ROSE ROOM (WCO 26133) ... Columbia 35254, 36720,

LP CL 500, Ch 652

New York City, Oct. 12, 1939
Lionel Hampton Orchestra — Henry Allen, trumpet; J. C. Higginbotham, trombone; Earl Bostic, alto saxophone; Hart, piano; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Sid Catlett, drums; Hampton, vibraphone, vocal.

HAVEN'T NAMED IT YET (42942) ... RCA Victor 26476, LP LJM 1000

New York City, Oct. 31, 1939
Ida Cox and Her All-Star Band —

Hot Lips Page, trumpet; Higginbotham, trombone; Ed Hall, clarinet; Henderson, piano; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Hampton, drums; Miss Cox, vocal.

FOUR DAY CREEP (26239) ... Vocalion 05298
New York City, Nov. 22, 1939

Benny Goodman Sextet — same as Oct. 2.

MEMORIES OF YOU (WCO 26284) ... Columbia 35320
SOFT WINDS (WCO 26285) ... Columbia 35320

SEVEN COME ELEVEN (WCO 26286) ... Columbia 35349, LP CL 652
Benny Goodman Orchestra — Johnny Martel, Jimmy Maxwell, Ziggy Elman, mepets; Vernon Brown, Red Ballard, Ted Vesely, trombones; Goodman, clarinet; Toots Mondello, Buff Estes, alto saxophones; Bus Bassey, Jerry Jerome, tenor saxophones; Henderson, piano, arranger; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Fatool, drums.

HEAVY HONEY (WCO 26287) ... Columbia 35350, LP CL 6100, CL 524, CL 777

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Spirituals to Swing Concert

Kansas City Six — Buck Clayton,

ng melodic so put to rythm flow his original assume the rt voicings

trumpet; Lester Young, tenor saxophone; Freddie Green, guitar; Walter Page, bass; Jo Jones, drums; Christian, solo guitar.

GOOD MORNING BLUES Vanguard LP VRS 8523/4

WAY DOWN YONDER IN NEW ORLEANS

PAGING THE DEVIL

Benny Goodman Sextet — same as Oct. 2.

I GOT RHYTHM

FLYING HOME

MEMORIES OF YOU

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

HONEYSUCKLE ROSE

New York City, Feb. 7, 1940

Benny Goodman Sextet — same as Oct. 2, 1939 except Count Basie replaces Henderson on piano.

GONE WITH WHAT WIND

(WCO 26495)

.....Columbia 35404, LP CL 652

Hollywood, Calif., April 10, 1940

Benny Goodman Sextet — Same as Feb. 7 except Johnny Guarneri replaces Basie on piano.

THE SHEIK OF ARABY

(WCO 26718)Columbia 35466

POOR BUTTERFLY (WCO

26719)Columbia 35466, 36722

Hollywood, Calif., April 16, 1940

BOY MEETS GUY

(GRAND SLAM) (WCO

26744)Columbia 35482, 36722

New York City, Oct. 4, 1940

Eddie Howard, vocalist accompanied by Bill Coleman, trumpet; Benny Morton, trombone; Hall, clarinet; Bud Freeman, tenor saxophone; Teddy Wilson, piano; Christian, guitar; Billy Taylor, bass; Yank Porter, drums.

OLD-FASHIONED LOVE

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STAR DUST (WCO 28795)

....Columbia 35771, LP CL 500

EXACTLY LIKE YOU

(WCO 28796)Columbia 35915

WRAP YOUR TROUBLES IN DREAMS

(WCO 28797)Columbia 35915

New York City, Nov. 7, 1940

Benny Goodman Septet—Cootie Williams, trumpet; Goodman, clarinet; George Auld, tenor saxophone; Basie, piano; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Harry Jaeger, drums.

WHOLLY CATS

(WCO 29027)Columbia 35810,

LP CL 652, V-Disc 880

AS LONG AS I LIVE

(WCO 29029)Columbia 35901,

36723, LP CL 500, V-Disc 714

New York City, Jan. 16, 1941

The Metronome All-Star Band — Harry James, Elman, Williams, trumpets; Tommy Dorsey, Higginbotham, trombones; Goodman, clarinet; Mollo, Carter, Hawkins, Tex Beneke, saxophones; Basie, piano; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Buddy Rich, drums.

BUGLE CALL RAG (060331)

RCA Victor 27314, Camden LP 426

ONE O'CLOCK JUMP (060332)

RCA Victor 27314, Camden LP 426

New York City, Feb. 6, 1941

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(R 3461) Blue Note 17

CELESTIAL EXPRESS

(R 3462A-2) Blue Note 17

New York City, March 4, 1941

Benny Goodman Orchestra — Williams, Maxwell, Alec Fila, Irving Goodman, trumpets; Lou McGarity, Bob Cutshall, trombones; Pete Mondello, Gus Bivona, Auld, Skippy Martin, Bob Snyder, saxophones; Guarneri, piano; Christian, guitar; Bernstein, bass; Dave Tough, drums.

SOLO FLIGHT (CO 29865)

..... Columbia 36684, LP CL 652

New York City, March 22, 1941

Benny Goodman Septet — same as Nov. 7 except Guarneri replaces Basie on piano and Tough replaces Jaeger on drums.

A SMO-O-OTH ONE

(CO 29942) Columbia 36099,

CL 652, CL 500, V-Disc 187

AIRMAIL SPECIAL (GOOD ENOUGH TO KEEP)

AD LIB

(Continued from page 10)

because there are competing concerts. The second happening is more positive: Franklin Geltman, producer of the Randall's Island Jazz Festival, has huge plans for next summer. Each weekend that small East River island stadium will house some big-name star (such names as Harry Belafonte and Judy Garland are being mentioned), all culminating in the annual Randall's Island Jazz Festival.

The Museum of Modern Art began its series of indoor concerts with Roy Eldridge and Coleman Hawkins . . . The Modern Jazz Quartet will perform at Town Hall on Dec. 23.

As a result of his recent stay at Basin Street East, Stan Kenton has signed a five-year contract with the club . . . Cannonball Adderley will add a prominent musician to his group just after the first of the year, following the lead shown by several other groups in recent months . . . Bernie Hamilton, Chico's brother, plays an important part in the Columbia picture *Devil at Four O'Clock*, which stars Frank Sinatra and Spencer Tracy.

Quincy Jones, currently almost a house bandleader at Basin Street East, where he is playing trumpet again, was busy on his recent trip to Europe. Among other things, he supervised a large-orchestra recording of Michele Legrand arrangements. Then he attended the world premiere in Stockholm of *Boy in the Tree*, a picture for which he wrote the score and recorded same with his band.

The new Tommy Dorsey Orchestra, now under the direction of Sam Dona-

(CO 29943) Columbia 36099,

36720, CL 652, V-Disc 253

Minton's Playhouse,

New York City, May, 1941

Minton's House Band—Joe Guy, trumpet; Thelonious Monk, piano; Christian, guitar; Nick Fenton, bass; Kenny Clarke, drums.

STOMPIN' AT THE SAVOY

(WS 5000-2 three parts)

..... Vox album 302, Counterpoint

(Esoteric) LP 548

CHARLIE'S CHOICE (Titled *Swing to Bop on LPs*) (WS 5003-5 three parts) Vox album 302,

Counterpoint (Esoteric) LP 548

Same with Kermit Scott, tenor saxophone, and unknown trumpet added. UP ON TEDDY'S HILL

..... Counterpoint (Esoteric) LP 548

DOWN ON TEDDY'S HILL

..... Counterpoint (Esoteric) LP 548

Air check from late 1939

Benny Goodman Sextet—same as on Oct. 2, 1939, except Wilson replaces Henderson on piano.

AC-DC CURRENT

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TORONTO

After an eight-month interval, the Ruby Braff-Marshall Brown Sextet played a return engagement at the Town Tavern with a vociferous reception from crowds and columnists alike. The group, besides the leaders, included tenor saxist Tommy Newsom, guitarist Howard Collins, bassist Bill Crow, and drummer Buzzy Drootin . . . Around the corner at the newly renovated Colonial Tavern, the Earl Hines Sextet also was doing a brisk business . . . Hines' two-week stint followed the Stevens Singers, a Gospel quartet playing the second night-club engagement in its eight-year career. The quartet which sings at the Faith Temple Church in New York City, made its club debut at Gerdes Folk City in July.

An important contribution to Toronto jazz takes place in November when the CBC's *Wednesday Night* series presents the world premiere of an opera composed by Norman Symonds. Titled *Asylum* (with libretto by John Reeves), the 2½-hour work will incorporate jazz styles and jazz singers.

CHICAGO

Velvet Swing owners Frank and John Cole and John Gibson have taken over the Sutherland Lounge and will reopen the south-side jazz spa Nov. 1. Plans call for booking only top names in jazz. Louis Bellson's seven

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picer is scheduled to open the club. **Jimmy Smith** and **Horace Silver** will follow . . . It looked for awhile as if Chicago would lose another jazz club, **Ahmad Jamal's Alhambra**. The pianist announced he would take a month's vacation and would close his exotic-food jazz spot till he was rested. Local papers jumped to the conclusion that the club was in financial trouble. Nothing could be further from the truth, **Jahmal** said, who promptly reopened the club to scotch the false impression.

Miles Davis had them standing in line waiting to hear him at his recent Birdhouse engagement. **Philly Joe Jones** was playing drums with the trumpeter's group again, replacing **Jimmy Cobb**, who remained east. The sextet rehearsed at the club in the daytime, working up arrangements that utilize the three-horn front line, which should quiet the growing criticism of the group's lack of three-way ensemble passages.

Cornetist **Wild Bill Davison** followed **Muggsy Spanier** into Basin Street. The wild one gave way after two weeks to another rambunctious player, trombonist **Georg Brunis** . . . The **Staple Singers**, considered one of the best Gospel singing groups, celebrated their fifth anniversary with a Gospel show at McCormick Place.

The south side is swinging again. **Paul Serrano's** group was at the Pershing Lounge while **Dexter Gordon**, **Benny Green**, and **Gene Ammons** were blowing down the walls of McKie's Disc Jockey Lounge. Ammons, with **Sonny Stitt**, was set to follow for an extended run at McKie's. Trumpeter **Ira Sullivan** and tenor man **Dick Krohl** are holding Monday night sessions at the Coral Club. And **Count Basie**, working out of Chicago for the past month or so, played a weekend at Roberts Show Club. Things are looking up.

DALLAS

One of the hardest working jazzmen in town is tenorist **Jon Hardee**. Before his return to Dallas some years ago Hardee had no small reputation with the **Tiny Grimes** group along New York's 52nd St. in the early 1940s. He now divides his time between his duties as band director at Madison High School and gigs at the Sky Room and just about every other jazz club in town.

George Mosse is back to town after a long road trip. He is playing at the Chalet and the Southerner Club with both a Dixie and a modern group under his name . . . The Southerner has opened with a new management and a jazz policy. The Mosse quartet was the first jazz group to appear; more are coming up . . . After a virtual lay-off made necessary by a poor summer economic situation **Buster Smith's** eight-piece group has gone back to work.

Smith's brother, pianist **Boston Smith**, is leading a group at the Club Pago six nights a week.

Jule Foster is in town for United Audience Service to promote a jazz subscription series in Dallas as well as one for Fort Worth. The Fort Worth venture will feature five groups beginning with **Stan Kenton** on Nov. 29. That city's Jaycees are sponsoring the series, the first of its kind in the city's history. Plans for the Dallas series are just getting under way.

LOS ANGELES

The recent reopening of the Zebra Lounge demonstrates what may happen when jazz musicians are lucky enough to find an investor in the music willing to put his wallet where his mouth is. According to **Nesbert Hooper**, leader of the **Jazz Crusaders** now appearing at the room, the club was bought by **Harry Lieberman** to feature his band. Lieberman, operator of several night clubs in the city, cut in the Crusaders for part of the stock in the Zebra. Business is good and getting better.

Three-fifths of **Paul Horn's** quintet, which plays Wednesdays at Shelly's Manne-Hole, consists of the new faces of **Bob Corwin**, piano, **Bobby West**, bass, and **Maurice Miller**, drums. **Milt Turner**, Horn's former drummer, joined the **Lionel Hampton** Band in Las Vegas . . . **Louis Armstrong**, **Kid Ory**, and **Johnny St. Cyr** will be featured in **Walt Disney's Disneyland after Dark** NBC-TV show, part of Disney's *Wonderful World of Color* series to be seen in April. The jazz sequence was filmed during the recent Dixieland at Disneyland session which reunited the three New Orleans and Hot Five veterans.

A recent Hollywood Bowl concert featuring **Hank Mancini's** orchestra, **Julie London**, and the **Limeliters** folk group grossed \$49,400 from 15,104 customers . . . **Lawrence Welk**, whose new residence at the Hollywood Palladium (DB, 9/28) continues to do good business on weekends, took five days off recently to fly to Pennsylvania where he broke a 32-year record at the Allentown Fair. The Welk troupe came away with \$75,000 guaranteed against 60 percent of the \$165,000 gross (75 percent for Saturday) for the five days . . . In Welk's absence, the **Glenn Miller Show** took over the Palladium. **Tex Beneke**, **Ray Eberle**, **Paula Kelly**, and the **Modernaires** drew 2,300 customers Friday night and 4,400 Saturday.

Caught-in-comment: **Barney Kessel** to **Down Beat**—"I'm building an act—as a comedian with guitar. I'm telling the folks jokes from the stand. But every word I say up there is the truth." . . . **Charlie Barnet** to **Dave Jampel** in Tokyo—"The day of the dance bands

based on the concept of jazz is going, going, and presently will be gone." . . . **Johnny Mathis** to *Variety's John Houser*—"I own five apartment buildings in Manhattan and have \$5,000,000. I can sing in the shower from now on."

Billy Hadnott, bassist with **Dizzy Gillespie's** big band of the late 1940s, is working at Douglas Aircraft here and playing casual engagements evenings . . . **Mike Davenport** booked the **Chuck Marlowe** big band for a dance Dec. 15 at L.A. Valley College . . . Ex-tenor man **Dave Cavanaugh**, now a&r producer at Capitol records, will be the subject of a telefilm titled *Story of a Music Man* to be filmed by Wolper Productions.

Bill Marx, son of **Harpo**, accompanied **Ernestine Anderson** during the singer's recent Summit engagement here and was featured jazz pianist at the club. In addition, Marx composes movie scores (*Walk the Angry Beach*, *Weekend Pass*) and writes for Vee Jay records . . . **Jacques Teunis** (known in Europe as **Jack Tunis**), Belgian drummer, resident in the U.S. since 1952 in Spokane, Wash., recently transferred into Local 47.

Voyle Gilmore, director of singles at Capitol, is the new president of NARAS Los Angeles chapter. He succeeds **Sonny Burke**, who recently resigned (DB, 10/12) . . . **John K. (Mike) Maitland** replaced **James B. Conkling** as president of Warner Bros. records.

Altoist **Jimmy Woods** must have been a little bewildered when he read in last issue's Los Angeles *Ad Lib*, "The West Coast may take credit for the emergence of another powerhouse jazzman in altoist Jimmy Forrest (not the *Night Train* Jimmy Forrest) who just recorded his first LP as leader on Contemporary . . ." Sorry, Jimmy. But you see it's like this: our reporter couldn't see the Woods for the Forrest. db



"Jazz music he plays. Your father and me scrimped so you could have music lesson! Why don't you quit and find something steady . . . like show biz?"

DOWN BEAT'S → 26th ANNUAL READERS POLL

Send only ONE ballot: all duplicates are voided. Do not vote for deceased persons except in the Hall of Fame category.

It's time for all good men (women, too) to support their favorite jazz musicians—the 26th annual *Down Beat* Readers Poll is under way.

Facing this page is the official ballot. It is printed on a postage-paid, pre-addressed post card. Simply tear out the card, write your choices in each category in the spaces provided, and drop the card in a mailbox. It is not necessary to vote in each category. It is necessary, though, to write your name and address at the bottom of the card. Use only this official ballot; letters and regular post cards will not be accepted as ballots.

Last year the number of ballots cast in the Readers Poll exceeded previous years'. We anticipate an even larger return this year. We urge *all* readers, whether lay listeners or musicians, to vote—the larger the number of ballots cast, the more indicative the poll will be of the jazz world's tastes.

The *Down Beat* Readers Poll has come to be more than a popularity poll: it not only reveals which jazzmen, bands, and singers are satisfying the emotional needs of the greatest number of listeners, but it also is watched closely by those who hire jazz performers. Again, we urge you to support the performers you believe in.

VOTING INSTRUCTIONS:

1. Vote only once. *Down Beat* reserves the right to disqualify, at its discretion, any candidate if there is evidence that his supporters have stuffed the ballot box in his favor. Don't disqualify your choices by misdirected zeal.
2. Vote early. The poll closes Nov. 13.
3. Use only the official ballot. Print names legibly.

WHERE & WHEN

The following is a listing by urban area of jazz performers, where and when they are appearing. The listing is subject to change without notice. Send information to *Down Beat*, 205 W. Monroe, Chicago 6, Ill., six weeks prior to cover date.

LEGEND: *hb*—house band; *tfn*—till further notice; *unk*—unknown at press time; *wknds*—weekends.

NEW YORK

Basin Street East: **Billy Eckstine, Don Rickles, Quincy Jones**, to 11/1. **Peggy Lee**, 11/2-12/2. Birdland: **Dizzy Gillespie, Olataunji**, to 11/8. **Stan Getz, Eddie Davis-Johnny Griffin**, 11/9-22. Bon Aire Lodge: **Sol Fisch**, *tfn*. Condor's: **Max Kaminsky**, *tm*. Embers: **Jonah Jones, Harold Quinn**, to 11/27. Half Note: **Herbie Mann** opens 11/21. Hickory House: **Don Shirley**, *tm*. Hob Nob: **Noreen Tate, Walter Stafford**, *tfn*. Jazz Gallery: **Sonny Rollins, Jazzy**, to 11/7. Metropole: **Roy Eldridge, Coleman Hawkins**, to 11/16. **Gene Krupa**, 11/17-26. Lionel Hampton, 11/27-12/17. Nick's: **Johnny Windhurst**, *tm*. Noble's Place: **Harold Austin, Sir Charles Thompson, Joan Shaw, Adelaide Hall**, *tfn*. Roundtable: **Matt Monroe, Belle Barth**, to 11/4. Ryan's: **Wilbur DeParis, Don Fry**, *tm*. Sherwood Inn (Long Island): **Billy Bauer**, *wknds*. Versailles: **Andy and the Bey Sisters** to 11/14. Blossom Dearie to 12/25. Village Gate: **Aretha Franklin** to 11/6. **Chris Connor**, 11/7-11/26. **Herbie Mann** to 11/19. **Les McCann**, 11/21-12/31. Village Vanguard: **John Coltrane** to 11/5. **Thelonious Monk**, 11/7-19. White Whale: **Steve Lacy, Ted Curson, Sonny Clark, J. C. Moses**, tentatively, *wknds*.

PHILADELPHIA

Alvino's (Levittown, Pa.): **Tony Spair**, *hb*. Peanuts, **Hucko**, *Mon*. Krechmer's: **Billy Krechmer**, *hb*. Lamp Post (Levittown, Pa.): **Derf Nolde**, *5 wknds*. Latin Casino: **Ella Fitzgerald**, 11/2-10.

Paddock (Trenton): **Capitol City**, *5 wknds*. Red Hill Inn: **Mei Torne, 11/3-12. Les McCann, 11/17-19. George Shearing**, 11/21-26. Second Fret: *folk artists*. Trade Winds: **Vince Montana**, *tfn*. Underground: **Butch Ballard**, *hb*. Woodland Inn: **Bernard Peiffer**, *tfn*.

NEW ORLEANS

Cosimo's: **Nat Perrilliat**, *wknds*. Dan's Pier 600: **Al Hirt**, *tfn*. Dream Room: **Santo Pecora**, *hb*. Famous Door: **Sharkey Bonano, Murphy Campo**. French Quarter Inn: **Pete Fountain**, *tfn*. Joe Burton's: **Joe Burton**, *tfn*. Joy Tavern: **Alvin Tyler**, *wknds*. Lee Roy: **Blanche Thomas, Dave Williams**, *tfn*. Paddock Lounge: **Terry Crosby**, *tfn*. Playboy: **Al Belletto**, *tfn*. Preservation Hall: various traditional groups. Red Carpet: **Armand Hug**.

DETROIT

Au Sable: **Jack Brokensha**, *tfn*. Baker's Keyboard: *unk*. Corbin's: **Bob Pierson**, *wknds*. Checker Bar-B-Q: **Ronnie Phillips**, *tfn*. Earl's Bar: **Frank Isola**, *tm*. Empire: **Bourbon Street Six** to 11/5. Drome: **Dorothy Ashby**, *tm*. Hobby Bar: **Terry Pollard**, *tfn*. Kevin House: **Bill Richards**, *tm*. Mermaid's Cave: **Eddie Bartel**, *tfn*. Minor Key: **Bobby Timmons**, to 10/29. Montgomery Brothers, 10/31-11/5. Roostertail: **George Primo**, *hb*. Stoney's: **Alex Kallao**, *tm*. Topper Lounge: **Bobby Laurel**, *tfn*. Trent's: **Danny Stevenson**, *tm*. 20 Grand: **Workshop Sessions**, *Mon*. Woods Lounge: **Gene Cass**, *tfn*.

CHICAGO

Alhambra: **Ahmad Jamal**, *tm*. Basin Street: **George Bruns** to 11/12. Birdhouse: **Art Blakey** to 11/5. Blind Pig: **Jazz session**, *Mon*. Blues session, *Tues*. Bourbon Street: **Bob Scobey, Art Hodes**, *tfn*. Jazz Ltd.: **Bill Reinhardt, Clancy Hayes**, *tfn*. Franz Jackson, Thurs. London House: **Barbara Carroll** to 10/29. **Peter Nero** opens 10/31. Eddie Higgins, Larry Novak, *hb*. McKie's: **Gene Ammons-Sonny Stitt**, *tfn*. Mister Kelly's: **Phyllis Diller, Johnny Janis**, to

11/5. Marty Rubenstein, **Dick Marx-John Fra**, *hb*. Pershing Lounge: **Paul Serrano**, *tfn*. Pigalle: **Lurlean Hunter**, *tfn*. Red Arrow: **Franz Jackson**, *Sat*. Sutherland: **Louis Bellson**, 11/1-12. **Jimmy Smith**, 11/15-12/3. Horace Silver, 12/6-17.

LOS ANGELES

Ash Grove: **Lightnin' Hopkins** opened 10/17. Jack Elliott opens 11/12. Martha Schlance, 11/28-12/24. Brownie McGhee-Sonny Terry, Mike McClellan, 12/26-1/21. Miriam Makeba, Rene Heredia, 1/23-2/18. Rachel Hadass opens 2/20. Children's concerts, *Sat*. Beverly Cavern: **Kid Ory**, *tfn*. Club Havana: **Rene Bloch**, *tm*. Coachman Steak House: **Edgar Hayes**, *tfn*. Bit: various jazz groups. Crescendo: **Cannonball Adderley**, **Nancy Wilson**. Dick Gregory open 11/2. Gigolo (Pasadena): **Keith Shaw, Bob Moline**. Gary Coleman, **Dick Dorothy**, *tfn*. Hollywood Palladium: **Lawrence Welk**, *hb*. Hermosa Inn: **The Saints**, *wknds*. Lighthouse: **Howard Rumsey**, *hb*. Name group Sun. Limelight (Pacific Ocean Park): **Delta Rhythm Kings**, *tm*. Nickelodeon: **Sunset Jazz Band**, *wknds*. PJ's: **Eddie Cano**, *tfn*. Joyce Collins, *Tues*. Porpoise Room (Marineland): **Red Nichols**, *tm*. Renaissance: **Horace Silver** opens 11/2. Rubaiyat Room (Watkins Hotel): **Kenny Dorham**, **Marvin Jenkins**, **Bob Martin**, *tfn*. Session Mon. Sheraton West: **Cal Gooden**, *tfn*. Sherry's: **D. Vaughan Pershing**, *tm*. Shelly's Manne-Hole: **Shelly Manne**, *wknds*. Frank Rosolino, *Mon*. Paul Horn, *Wed*. Summit: **Cal Tjader** opens 11/10. Sun. session Onzy Matthews. Zebra Lounge: **Nesbert Hooper, Jazz Crusaders**, *tfn*. 23 Skidoo: **Excelsior Banjo Five**, *tfn*.

SAN FRANCISCO

Jazz Workshop: **Cannonball Adderley** to 10/29. On-the-Levee: **Joe Sullivan**, *wknds*. Pier 23: **Burt Bales**, *tm*. Earthquake McGoon's: **Turk Murphy, Pat Yasuda**. Soulville: **Atlee Chapman, Cowboy Noyd**, *tm*. Sugar Hill: **Barbara Dane, Wellman Braud**, *tm*.

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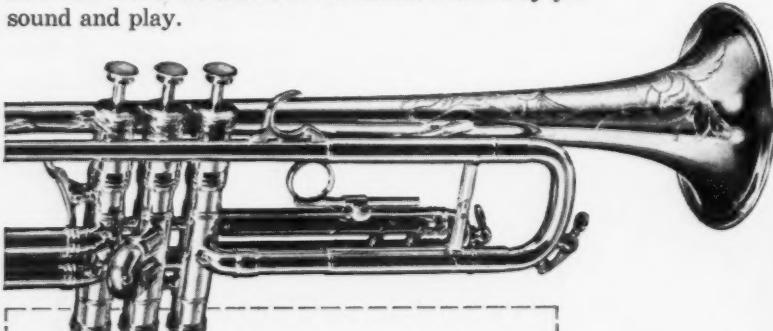
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